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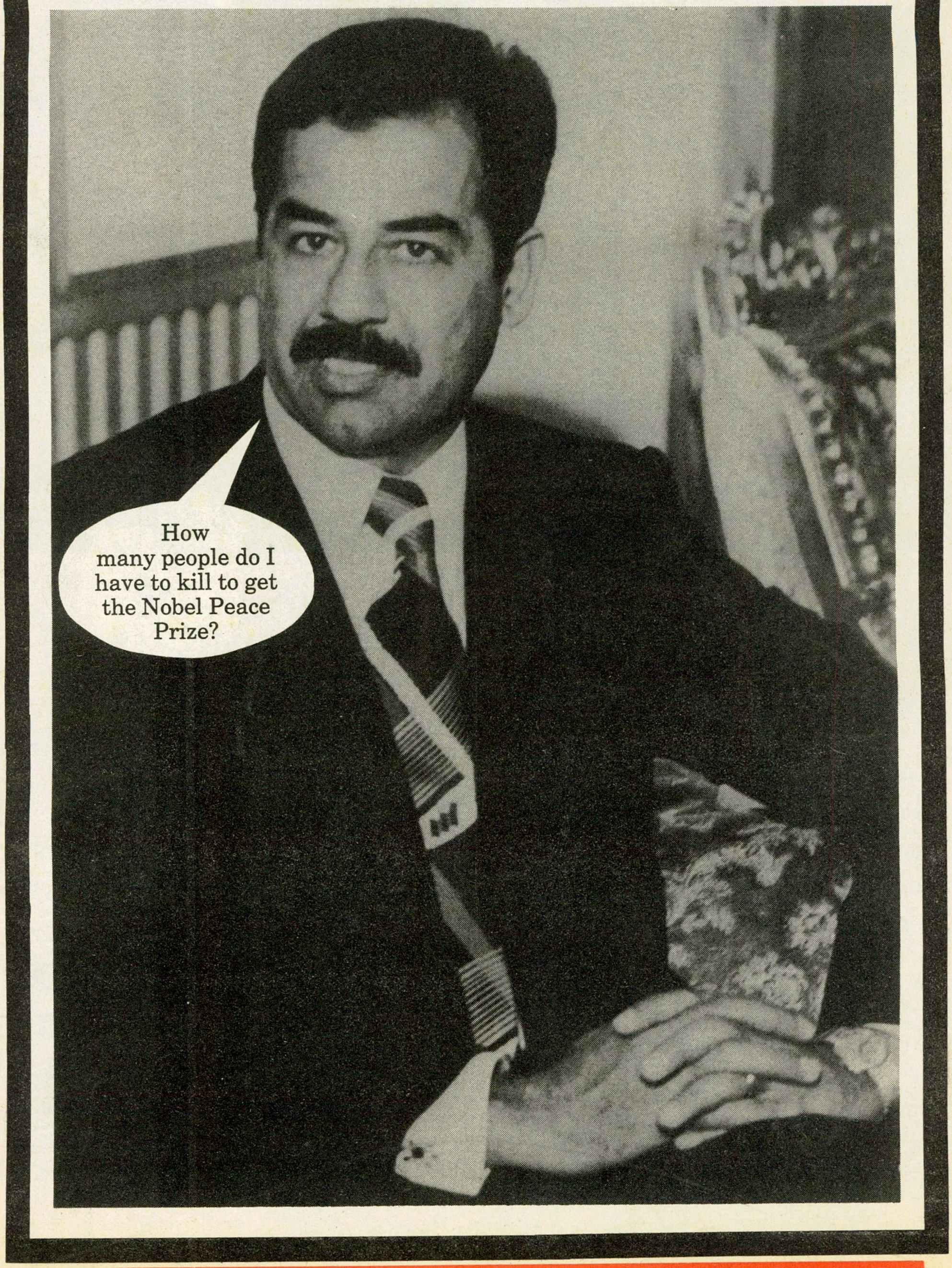

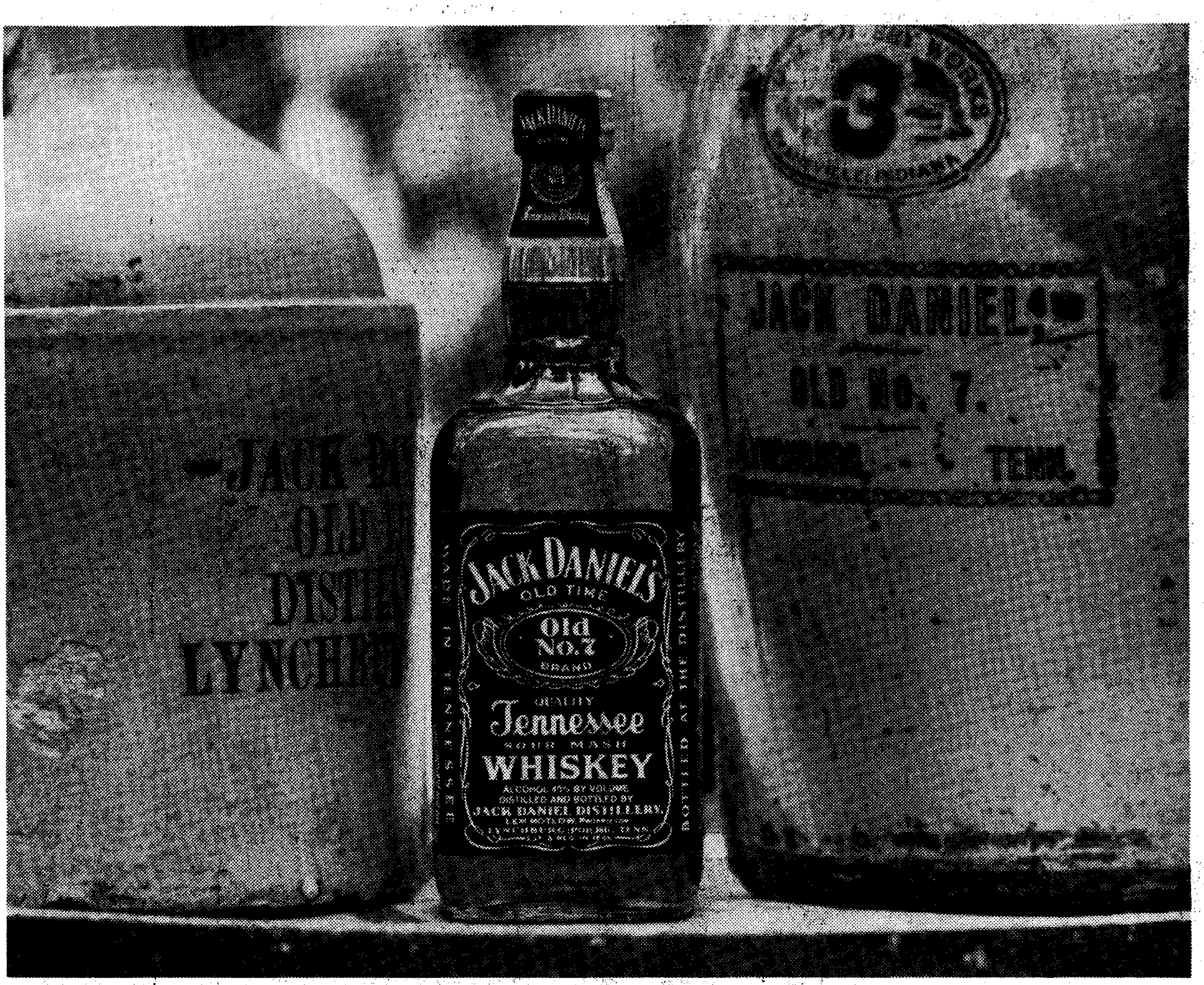

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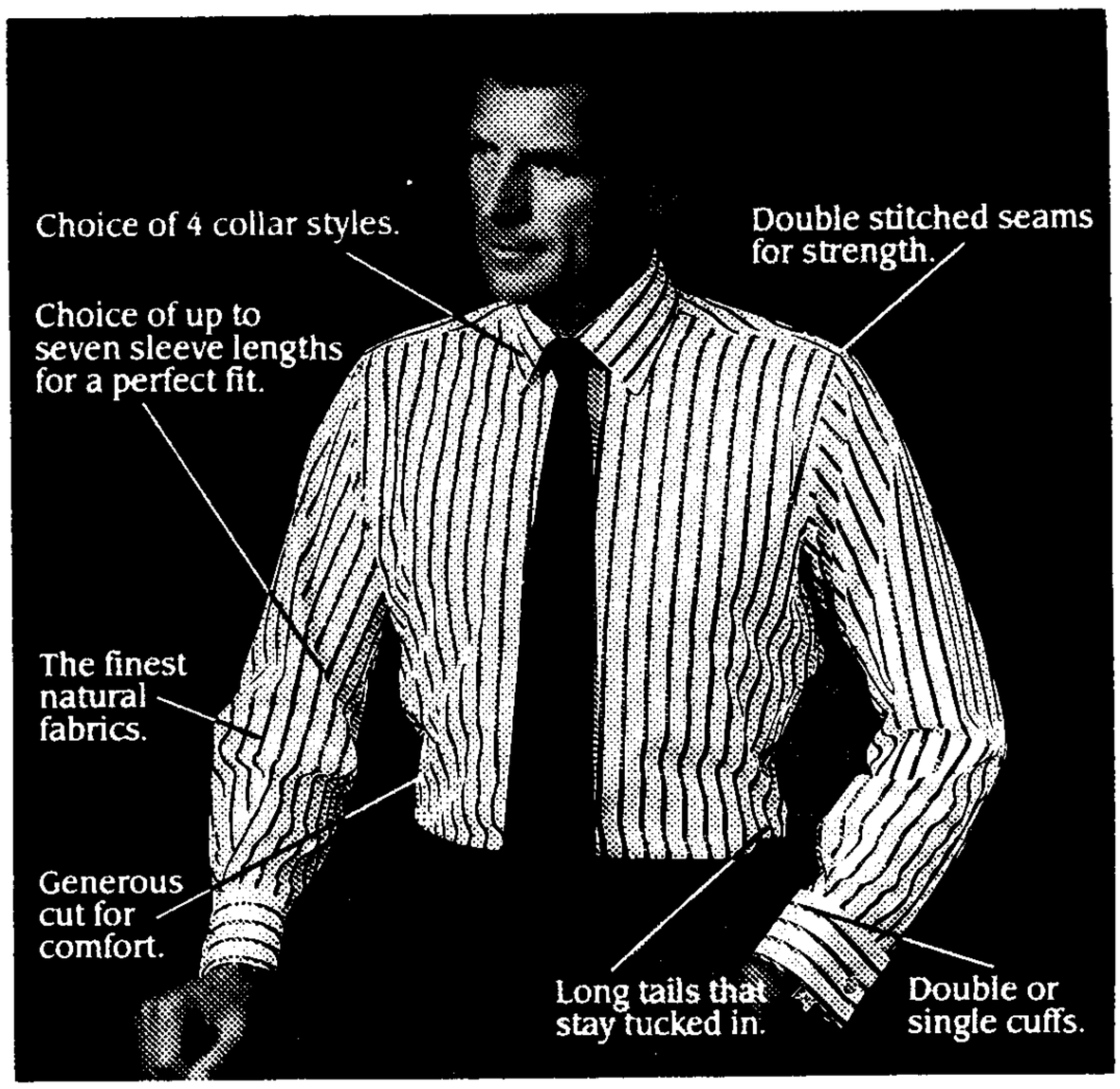
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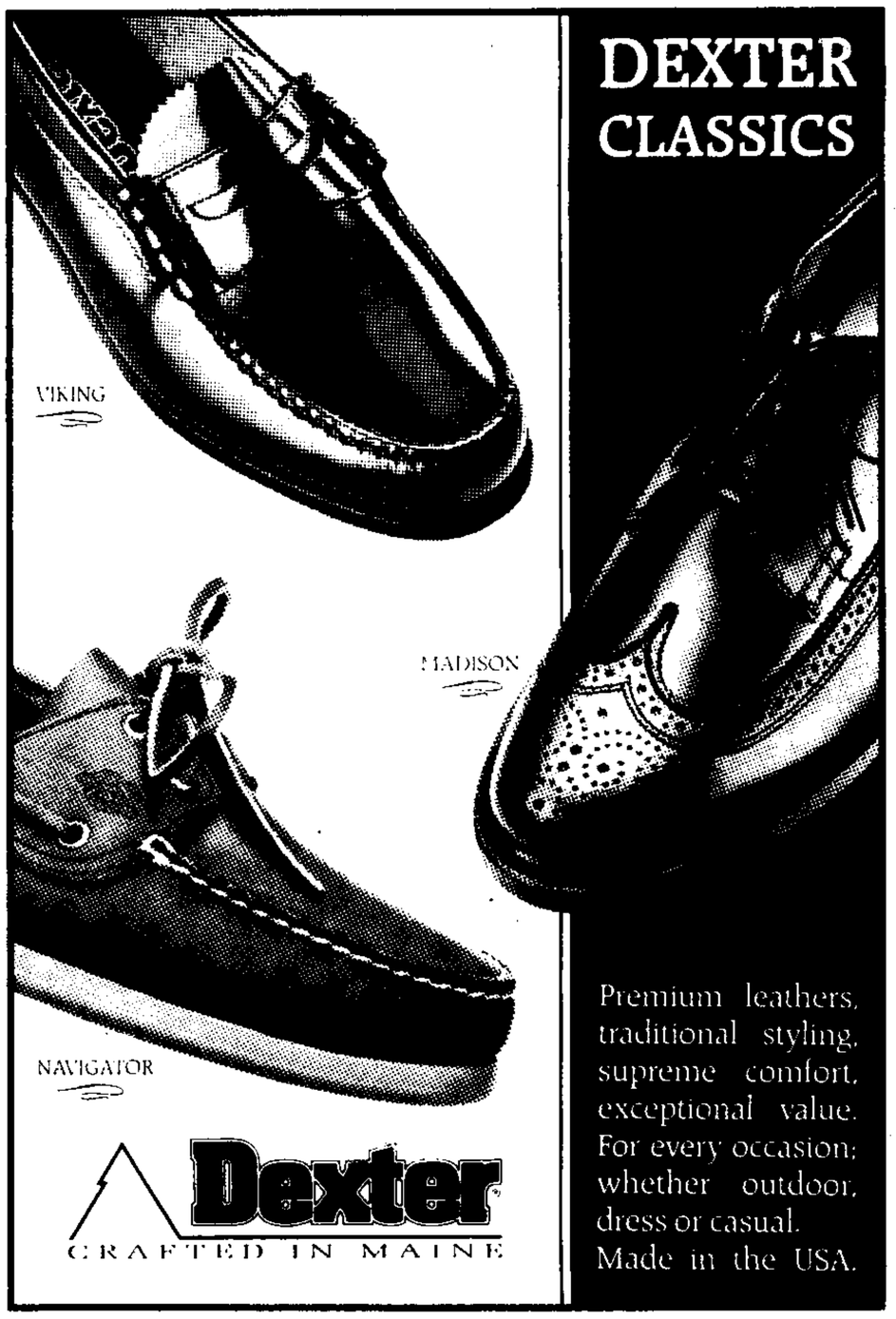

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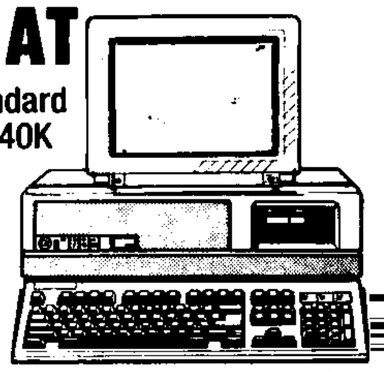

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COLOUR SECTION

THE information-censors at the Ministry of Defence have been mulling over news videos and newspaper cuttings of the Falklands war to see if any "improvements" can be made to censorship if war breaks out in the Gulf.

They noticed substantial "deterioration in public morale" after two incidents in the Falklands war. The first was the sinking of the Sheffield by an Argentinian Exocet — the first major setback for the task force — and the second was the televising (by complete chance, since a TV crew happened to be there at the time) of the hideous slaughter following the sinking of a supply ship which had been presented as a sitting duck to the enemy air force.

The pictures of troops being carried ashore on makeshift stretchers, severely burnt and with their limbs hanging by shreds of flesh, have been deemed by the information-twisters to be "unacceptable". This could explain the first and the fourth of the "guidelines" issued by the MoD to national newspaper editors.

They are "requested" not to publish any information about "any loss, damage to, air attack upon any naval vessel or military aircraft" or "identifiable pictures of casualties..."

THE Government appears to have privatised part of its war information machine and has done so with the help of the brother of one of its ministers.

Peter Gummer, ebullient chairman of hype merchants Shandwick and brother of agriculture secretary John Selwyn, has volunteered his publicity services — an offer that has been accepted by the MoD.

Whitehall sources confirm that ministers are consulting Peter Gummer and several other PR men on "presentational aspects" of Gulf policy and that "Shandwick is one of these organisations."

Peter Gummer is known affectionately in the hype trade as "PG Tips".

HAWK-SPOTTING has become a major hobby in Congress where they are easy to spot.

They speak freely of military action, of duty, and of the need to teach Saddam Hussein a lesson, while their own war records could be written on the back of a Saudi Arabian ballot paper.

While vice-president Dan Quayle's excursion to the Gulf was widely reported, many of his audience remembered that his father's influence had saved him from being drafted for Vietnam. Similarly Dick Cheney, the defence secretary, seems to have been too busy at university, as a graduate student, to have gone to Vietnam. And senator Alphonse D'Amato, who does his best to live down to Italian-American stereotypes, has managed a legal career without intersecting with the military.

Curiously, many congressmen who have had first-hand experience of war have been much less enthusiastic about the whole affair.

GEORGE BUSH, it seems, is about to be spared much embarrassment thanks to the supreme court of Panama — answerable to no one but God and the White House.

Reports from Panama suggest that the court is about to request the extradition from the United States of former president Manuel Noriega to face murder charges. Since killing people is even more wrong than drug trafficking, which is the charge the US is trying to pin on Pineapple Face, it means Bush could well send Noriega home.

It would, after all, be most embarrassing if the details of Bush's long relationship with Noriega were to be made public under the fair process provisions of the US Constitution...

THE DREADFUL weather over Christmas and the new year has led to fresh worries in Channel ports about ferry safety.

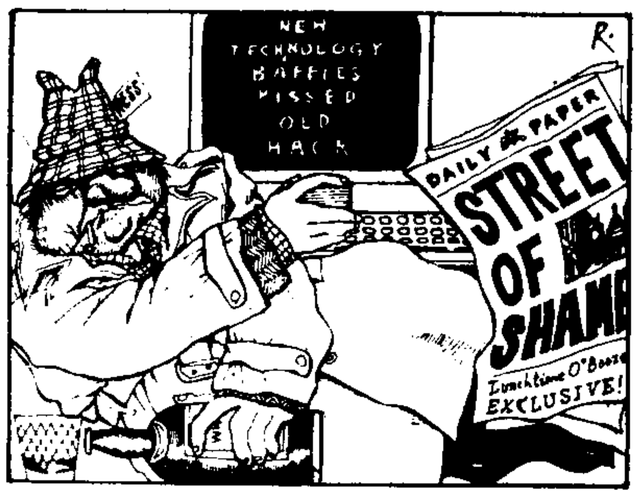
The *Eye*'s reporter in Calais has noted the tribulations of the two newly-converted Sealink ferries Fiesta and Fantasia. On 27 September, Fiesta left Calais but was back in the port before you could say "Zeebrugge": the lorries in its hold had not been properly secured and it had lurched violently to one side.

Early in December, the Fiesta had trouble leaving Calais once again. This time it smashed into the quay and suffered a substantial hole just above the waterline. It had to be rescued by tug. All passengers and vehicles were taken off and the Fiesta was towed to a repair yard in Dunkirk. The incident has been kept very quiet while ferry owners continue to reassure the public that the chance of a ferry being holed around the waterline, thus letting in water in quantities which might quickly capsize the ship (as happened at Zeebrugge) are "negligible".

Later in December a crowd gathered at Calais as a big Sealink ferry (either the Fiesta again, but more probably its sister ship, Fantasia) slunk into port listing heavily to one side. The cargo had slipped again. Even more recently, quayside observers at Calais noticed the Fantasia leaving its berth before the bow section had been fully re-covered or the bow doors closed. Passengers were told that the delay in sailing was due to a "technical problem".

THE NEW YEAR has not started well for Pete Sawyer, the young reporter on *Printing World* who before Christmas landed a good scoop from a Ministry of Defence source revealing how the Government had ordered the printing of millions of reply-paid call-up papers.

Sawyer's reward from his magazine was the sack, and he is now wondering what the connection is between the sudden perching of a flock of "birds on his telephone line" (MoD-speak for bugging devices) at his home in Battersea and the arch peace campaigner Tony Benn, whose family owns *Printing World* through Benn Bros Ltd.



WHY OH WHY has the *Spectator* published a grovelling apology to Lord Denning, all these months after his notorious interview with the mag in which he said that the Guildford Four were probably guilty and the Birmingham Six should have been hanged? If anyone ought to apologise, isn't it Denning?

Apparently not. For although Denning did indeed say all the things the *Spectator* attributed to him, he had decided to sue the magazine. His novel — indeed preposterous — argument was to be that the magazine had "induced him to libel himself". (This raises the interesting possibility that he might have been a co-defendant as well as plaintiff, and could have been ordered to pay himself damages.)

It seems unlikely that any court in the land would accept this as proper grounds for a civil action. But the *Spectator*'s lawyers, Messrs Oswald Hickson Collier & Co, were thrown into a panic. It occurred to the firm that, through judicial solidarity and sympathy for the old boy, the high court might just take Denning's side. And so it was that the fearless *Spectator* allowed itself to be bullied into craven submission.

Denning is no doubt well pleased with this astonishing outcome. He must also be glad that some of the comments he made in the interview have still not seen the light of day. At one point, for instance, Denning told his questioner (A.N. Wislon) that he thought it perfectly acceptable for the police to beat up suspects in order to extract confessions. For fear of making him seem even more of a monster than he already was, the *Spectator* deferentially decided to omit this comment from the published interview.

A.N. WISLON has departed from the "Why-Oh-Why" staff at the *Daily Mail*.

This follows the recent publication of a Y-O-Y piece under his by-line attacking Gazza and "these frightful yobs" supposedly taking over the country.

Wislon was as appalled to read this piece as was Sir David Fester's dwindling band of *Mail* readers. Apart from about 10 lines, it bore no relation to the article he originally wrote.

"Wizza" has now handed in his resignation.

A CURIOUS facsimile transmission arrives at Gnome House from Graydon Carter, editor of the satirical New York magazine *Spy*.

It follows the news that Sir James Goldsmith has bought into the magazine and reads: "Please do not jump to conclusions — will explain all later."

Nothing further has been heard.

STEPHEN GLOVER, editor of the *Sindie*, is in gloomy mood. In a memo to his hacks he complains that the paper has had to pay out "a considerable sum of money" in recent libel cases, some of them caused because "members of staff have made elementary errors."

In desperation he has circulated a "Teach Yourself Libel" guide prepared by the paper's solicitors, the ubiquitous Oswald Hickson Collier. But *Sindie* hacks must be at the Ladybird Books stage of libel to judge by the advice Oswald Hickson thinks necessary.

"Be very chary of imputing dishonourable motives to people. Use the word 'fraud' only in the clearest cases... Beware of emotive labels such as 'fascist, communist, or con-man'," the hacks are told.

Oswald Hickson's summing-up, however, cannot be faulted. "Each piece of copy you write is unique," the firm reveals, "and the risks of publishing it are peculiar to it." How very true.

THE *News of the World* party to celebrate its libel victory over Sonia Sutcliffe was a glittering affair.

The belle of the ball was undoubtedly journalist of the decade Barbara Jones. On the mention of her somewhat fanciful account of her historic victory in the *Mail on Sunday*, she graciously agreed that the copy was full of inaccuracies. Loyal as ever, she blamed editor Stewart Stephen for rewriting it.

DESPITE protestations that she will only use her newly-acquired title when she is accompanying her husband, Lady Lloyd (alias Eve Pollard, editor of the *Sunday Mirror*) is evidently anxious that those with whom she transacts personal business should recognise her true status.

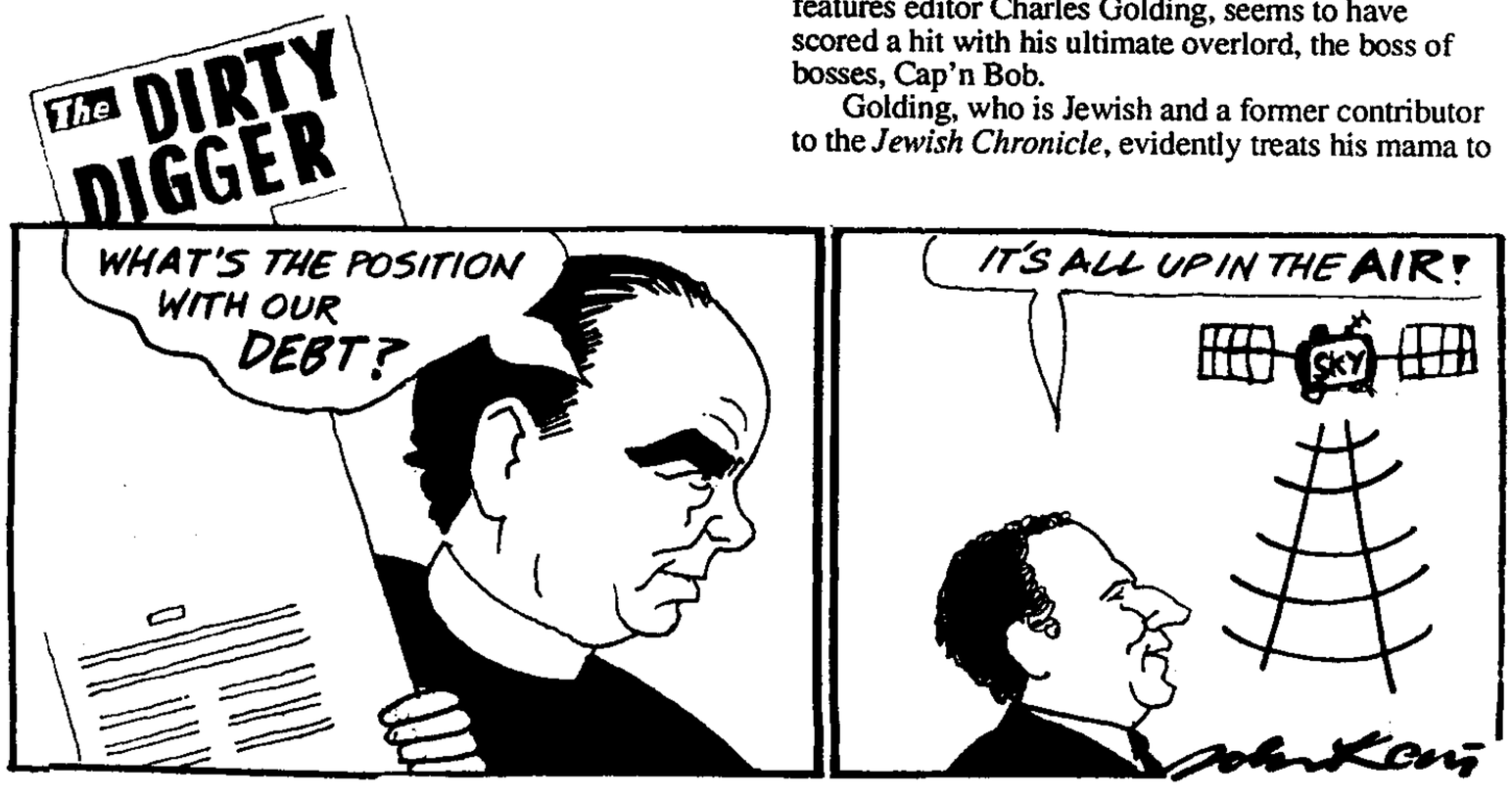
Within 24 hours of the announcement of husband Nick's knighthood for services to Arslikhan, she was on to her bank demanding that it issue her with a new chequebook in the name of Lady Lloyd.

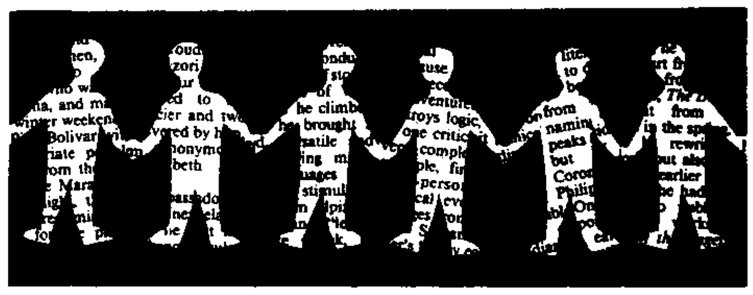
Lady Bollard is much in demand at present: the *Evening Standard* wants to talk to her about becoming its new editor; and Robert Maxwell wants to talk to her about a dubious travel company run by one of her disgraced hacks at the *Sunday Mirror*, Tony Frost.

Meanwhile her great protegé, *Sunday Mirror* features editor Charles Golding, seems to have scored a hit with his ultimate overlord, the boss of bosses, Cap'n Bob.

Golding, who is Jewish and a former contributor to the *Jewish Chronicle*, evidently treats his mama to occasional bulletins about his proprietor's health. When Mrs Golding recently heard that the Cap'n was ailing with flu, she sent him a carton of her home-made chicken soup with lokchen.

On the outside of the carton she had affixed a piece of paper which read: "From Mrs Golding (Charles Golding's mother)". Perhaps Golding can expect an extra allocation of Mirror Group shares when the great flotation comes.





FAMILY FAVOURITES

CONGRATULATIONS to working mum Kate Trelford, who endured a tiring self-catering family holiday in Tuscany last year with an inquisitive nine year old and lived to write of her experiences across a whole half page of last Sunday's *Observer*.

Mrs Trelford was nothing if not diligent, telling readers how she explained the complexities of renaissance iconography to her young daughter as they tramped across Chiantishire from Siena to Pisa.

In such a "family"-oriented article, it was something of an oversight though that the article made no mention at all of the man who had ultimately made the holiday and the article possible — none other than Mrs Trelford's adored, pixie-like husband, Donald "Busy" Trelford, editor of the, er, *Observer*.

THE JANUARY issue of *She* magazine, the glossy monthly aimed at working mother-persons, contains a commendable article entitled "Growing up black in racist Britain".

The piece describes how three ethnic minority families cope positively in the face of prejudice and discrimination. Sadly, however, it appears opposite a full-page advertisement for Easter breaks... in colourful Cheltenham!

"WHEN SADDAM Hussein invaded Kuwait on 2 August, he might as well have sent a couple of hundred tanks into Kerala. The consequences for the tiny South Indian state couldn't have been more disastrous than they are."

Thus began a report in *India Today* magazine on 31 October last year. Thousands of Keralans, it explained, had been working in the Gulf and sending most of their earnings home. This had brought astonishing prosperity. One small town in Kerala, Kozhencherry, had no fewer than 13 bank branches and seven private hospitals. But now, thanks to the invasion of Kuwait, it was all at an end.

Two months later, on 30 December, the *Observer* printed a report from Kozhencherry by its globe-trotting hack Peter Hillmore. He produced a striking image to convey the devastating effect of the crisis: "When Saddam sent his troops into Kuwait, they might just as well have marched into Kozhencherry. The effect is the same..."

The original *India Today* piece had reported that Gulf wealth had made the inhabitants of Kozhencherry absurdly extravagant. It quoted Dr Jolly Matthew, a specialist at the Muthoot Medical Centre: "There were times when a patient came in with an ordinary headache and insisted on having a computerised tomography just because it cost Rs 1,500."

Over at the *Observer* two months later, Peter Pisspore also recalled the free-spending past. He reported: "Dr Jolly Matthew, a specialist at the Juhoot *(sic)* medical centre, said patients would sometimes turn up with an ordinary headache and 'insist on having a totally unnecessary computerised tomography scan, just because it cost a lot.'"

And so it went on. Pisspore's trip to India seems to have been just as expensive — and as totally unnecessary — as the infamous computerised tomography.

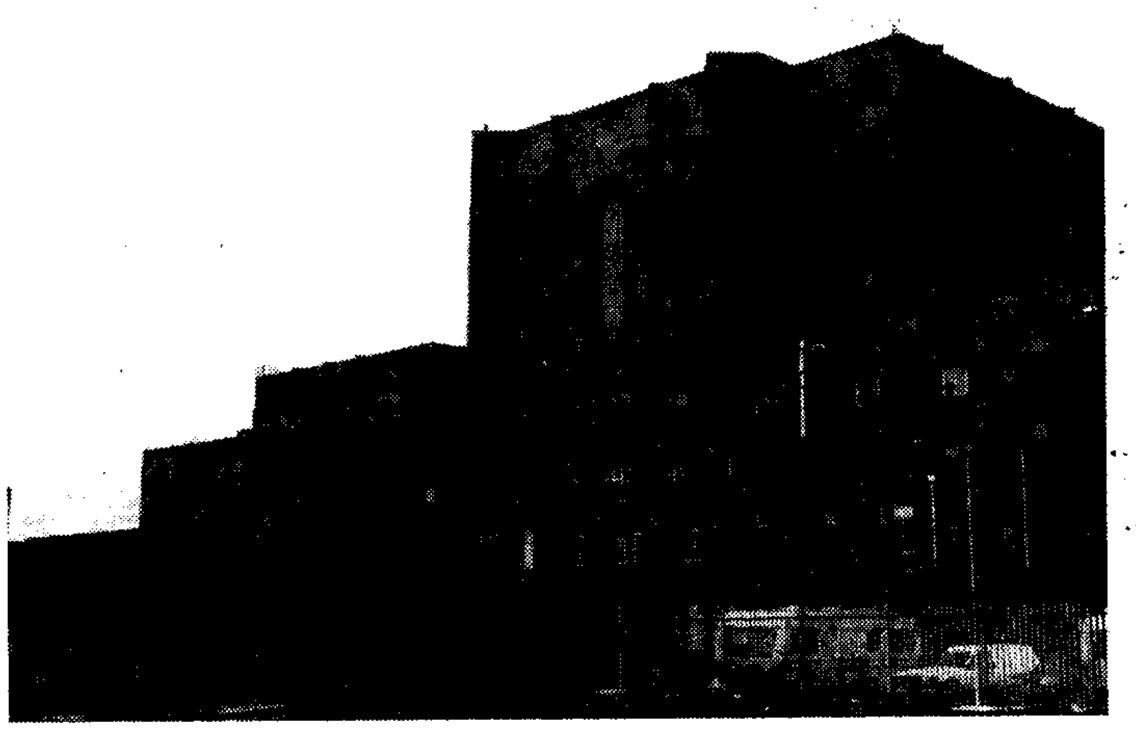
NOOKS and CORNERS

AS WITH THE great Victorian railway stations, there was once a time when electricity generation stations were designed as monuments of civic and corporate pride. Battersea Power Station, with its marble-lined control room that the public never saw, was the most celebrated example. Now such "brick cathedrals" are an endangered species.

Poor Battersea. It was listed by Mr Heseltine in 1981 following the wicked demolition of the Firestone Factory [by Sir Nigel Broackes and Lord Whelks] and its future should have been bright. But instead of choosing a sensible, prosaic new use — like refuse burning — the CEGB was seduced by tawdry glamour and delivered the great steel and brick structure over to the tender mercies of Mr John Broome of Alton Towers to make into a fun palace (see *Eyes passim*).

Mrs Thatcher herself inaugurated the work for her admirer, confidently looking forward to its opening in... 1990. But now, with most of its innards removed and partly (and illegally) demolished, "The Battersea" is a forlorn empty shell. Craven Wandsworth Borough Council seems reluctant to make busted-flush Broome fulfil his responsibilities in looking after this historic building. So, dear Mr Heseltine, welcome back — and please oblige and secure the future of the monument you were rightly anxious to save.

But the mistake of giving Battersea over to Broome ought not to endanger other great, redundant power stations. For there is Bankside — the supreme "Temple of Power". It was designed, like Battersea, by Sir Giles Scott, architect of Liverpool Cathedral, and he much preferred it to Battersea as he had complete control over the design, gathering up the flues into one fall campanile-chimney.



Bankside Power Station is a sublime structure of superb brickwork. It is structurally sound and eminently capable of productive re-use. It is a major work by a very great 20th century British architect. And if Battersea deserved to be listed (which it did), then the case for Bankside is even stronger. But the DoE will not oblige. Why? For purely political reasons. Bankside as a development site has been given to the unprofitable nuclear power side of the electricity industry as an asset to strip come privatisation. Such are the politics of preservation.

And then there is Croydon "B" (see illustration) — that colossal and dramatic chimneyed pile of brick at Waddon Marsh that can astonish travellers to Brighton on the Purley Way. This powerfully and subtly modelled power station was designed by Robert Atkinson — architect of the old *Daily Express* entrance hall and the Gresham Hotel in Dublin — and opened in 1950. Now it is redundant.

A few years back the Carroll Group proposed turning this structure into a massive retail and housing development, which seemed admirable. Now these developers are using the collapse of the economy as an excuse to throw in the sponge and get away with the easiest, cheapest solution. Instead of an impressive landmark made of some of the finest brickwork to be seen in Britain, the Carroll Group now propose a cleared site occupied by a standard banal modern furniture warehouse and a huge car park.

By any serious objective standards, Croydon "B" ought to be listed. And if Croydon Borough Council had any imagination, its planners would insist that the structure be kept and re-used (as the Croydon Chamber of Commerce insists is possible), to continue to make the Purley Way a route of excitement and drama. After all, there is not much else worth looking at in Croydon...

I AM HAPPY to report that the good councillors of County Durham seem set to keep me in copy in 1991.

Just 50 ft from Archbishop Carey's old hand-waving temple, St Nicholas', Durham, is the Palladium Cinema in Claypath. This is leased by the Mason Organisation, which has applied for a change-of-use planning permission and a liquor licence so that it can be made into a "Fun Pub". St Nicholas's parishioners are thrilled to learn that the fun entertainments on offer for young people at the Mason Organisation's similar Sunderland establishment include "The Gang Bang" and "Find My Cock".

Durham police made a successful objection to the grant of a liquor licence to the Palladium but, true to form and in brazen defiance of local opinion, Durham City Council has obliged with planning permission. A minor matter, I suppose, in comparison with the officially encouraged development assaults on this historic city, but significant all the same.

'Piloti'

WHAT HAVE Cap'n Bob, Benito Mussolini, Ferdinand Marcos, the Reverend Sun Myung Moon and the late dictator of Nicaragua, Anastasio Somosa, got in common? Answer: all of them are or were personal friends of an enigmatic Japanese philanthropist called Ryoichi Sasakawa.

Maxwell is currently chairman of the "Great Britain Sasakawa Foundation" which has its headquarters on the tenth floor of the *Mirror* building in Holborn. The foundation's aim, according to its blurb, is to "organise and finance a wide range of activities designed to foster friendship between [Great Britain and Japan]" and the worthy causes to which it has so far donated generous funds include Eton College, the London Business School and the Japanese Language Association.

Sasakawa's less public aims are also fairly well known among the *cognoscenti* and stretch back to the days when he was a blackshirt and a devotee of Benito Mussolini. After the war, Sasakawa was jailed for several years and only escaped prosecution as a war criminal when the American occupational powers decided that ultranationalists of his political inclinations were more urgently needed in the fight against communism.

Sasakawa's wealth, which he has built up since his release from jail, comes mainly from his complete control of the Japan Shipbuilders Association, an organisation through which he has held the concession for power boat racing in Japan for the last 40 years — one of only two outlets for legalized gambling in the country. One condition of this concession, however, is that Sasakawa is obliged by law to *give* 3 percent of the turnover to "charity".

As a result, around $12 billion has been given away over the last 40 years, most of it to Sasakawa's favourite causes. These include martial arts societies (Sasakawa used to boast his own "personal army" of black belt karate experts), the Unification ("Moony") Church, the International Federation for Victory over Communism, and the Organization for Industrial, Spiritual and Cultural Advancement (OISCA). The last is an organization that runs agricultural training camps in Japan with a strong military bent, and includes as part of its training many of the concepts of pre-war Japanese militarism and Emperor-worship (see *Eye* 744).

Sasakawa has also spent some of the money on personal television commercials trying to improve his image; a practice that was stopped in the early 1980s when the Japanese Broadcast Workers' Union finally refused to continue transmission of such blatant propaganda.

Cap'n Bob seems unruffled at his association with the man who once called Mussolini "the perfect fascist and dictator", as does Lord Wilson, patron of the Great Britain Sasakawa Foundation, and Sir Edward duCann, David Owen and Lord Prior, all members of the foundation's management council.

For those interested in reading more about Sasakawa, there are two rather different English-language versions of his life. One is contained in a book called *Yakuza*, about the Japanese mafia, which devotes a whole chapter to Sasakawa's mob connections. The other is called *Sasakawa: World Philanthropist and Warrior for Peace*, published, of course, by Maxwell's Pergamon Press.

EYE TV

Holiday '91

(BBC 1)

THERE HAS always been something significant about those few programmes which, rather than running for a single or several series, as most television does, simply change the year in their title and reappear every January.

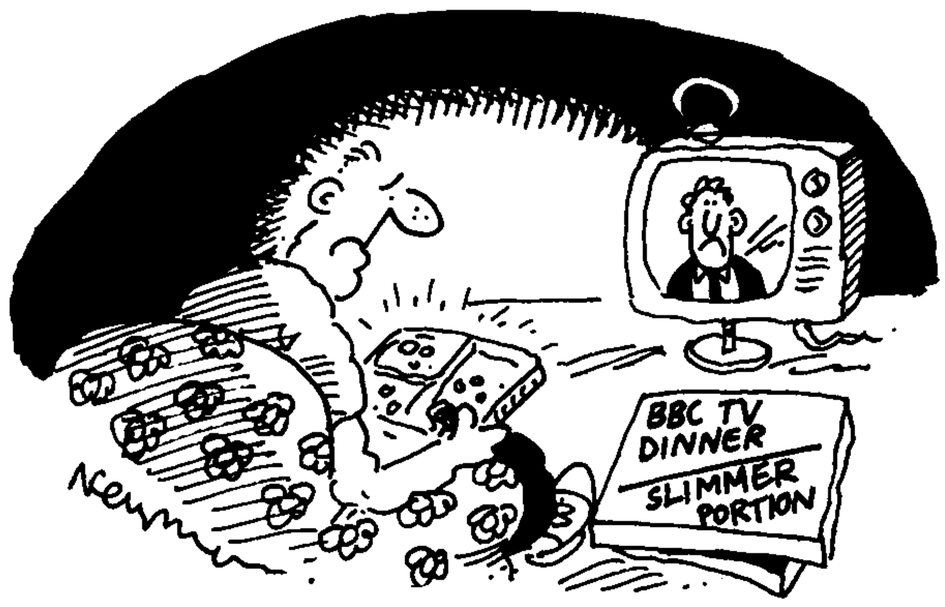
They are ageing in the same way as their viewers: occasionally there will be a small visual rethink — a new coat or haircut; a new presenter or theme tune — but the body and spirit remain much the same. The only question mark against *Holiday '91* and *Film '91*, as they enter their 20th or so seasons, is what their suffix will be, God and Saddam willing, at the start of the next millennium: *Holiday '00* or *Film 2000*?

But the striking thing about *Holiday '91* is the way in which even this unchanging edifice of television has been forced grudgingly to adjust its corsets to the new world order. Travelling comparatively from Birmingham to Edinburgh by air, rail, and car, co-presenter Eamonn Holmes promises to reveal which method is "cheapest, safest and *most environmentally sound*." Introducing an item on holidays in Moscow, his colleague Anne Gregg announces "an update on the latest food situation in the programme..." It was obvious that one of the breezy and upbeat production team had caught sight of a newspaper and realised that a vacation in Moscow might now mean occupying your children with a nice game of hunt-the-potato.

And this, it could be sensed, might be merely the beginning of the new-style holiday programme. Soon, jaunty reporter Kathy Taylor, checking out a Mediterranean break, might be saying in the earnest-little-girl voice she uses for the serious bits: "The beach *is* close to the Middle East fall-out zone, but your rep keeps a supply of anthrax vaccine. Don't be afraid to ask."

But, at the moment, not too much of the real world is allowed to intrude. There is a standard *Holiday '91* tone of nannying jollity — don't drink the water but do, oh do, swim in it, it's smashing — which is still sustained, most noticeably by Anne Gregg, whose manner is such that you keep expecting her to put a thermometer up your bottom.

For most people, the point of travel is to end up somewhere significantly different from their own country, but *Holiday '91* is perpetually seeking an England



with more sunshine. Kathy had flown for 12 and a half hours to reach the Dominican Republic but her report emphasised that it was just another type of Marbella. However, chirpy Kathy did warn prospective travellers that the new tourist hotels existed "alongside *rather primitive* communities". Because of this, "people here are really quite poor", but, don't worry Mr and Mrs Jones, "they're also ever so friendly!"

This also proved to be true of Muscovites. Despite the food shortages and the crisis in the republics, the USSR remained a super place to visit. "Despite their problems, they have a great sense of humour!" reported Ms Gregg.

Of course all these criticisms apply equally, and sometimes even more so, to *Wish You Were Here* (Thames), in which Judith Chalmers and Co rarely move beyond the drinkability - swimability- Englishness criteria for judging a foreign resort. And even the daring, alternative Channel 4 can do no better. *Travelog* recently returned, with Robert Elms as host. In this case, the presenter is a large part of the problem. Shifty and generally directing his gaze downwards rather than at the autocue, Elms looks as if Anne Gregg is putting a thermometer up his bottom while he is talking. His only obvious qualification for hosting a travel show is that his manner is exactly that of a Cosmos travel rep telling a mutinous tour party that the five-star hotel seems to have been inadvertently double-booked but there are plenty of rooms at the two-star.

Travelog's film reports involve writers and celebrities choosing their favourite places. This virtually guarantees an uncritical report: for example, the generally waspish Simon Hoggart was emollient in Georgia.

The problem is with the genre, rather than the individual series; and the problem is a simple one. Even in the New Realism, it takes a goalkeepers' handful of people to make a short film. This means that a travel programme should be very expensive to make because of paying for all those flights and hotel bills. But, in fact, most travel programmes are made on comparatively small budgets. Resolve this paradox and the nature of the genre is explained. Would you be rude to someone who had taken you on holiday?

'Square Eyes'

MEDIA NEWS

HEAVY AND ironic have been the attacks on newspaper editors Nick Lloyd (*Express*) and Brian Hitchen (*Star*) for accepting political honours while still in the editor's chair.

So far, however, perhaps the most blatant political journalists' honour of them all has escaped criticism: Sue Tinson, associate editor of ITN, has become a Dame, not to say a Commander of the British Empire.

Eye readers will recall Sue Tinson as the stern critic of the programmes made by ITN's *Channel Four News* in 1987 about Colin Wallace, the former army information officer sacked when he refused to go along with MI5 plots to disrupt the Labour government in the mid-1970s. Channel Four gave the programmes great prominence, but they were abruptly brought to an end when they started to question the role in the Wallace affair of former Thatcher aide Airey Neave. Channel Four's enthusiasm for the programme, however, was not shared by its sister programme *News at Ten*, where Tinson was the editor. Not one of the Channel Four scoops was even mentioned on ITN.

Tinson was well-qualified to judge the Wallace case. She was herself in Northern Ireland when Wallace was briefing the press and she worked closely with the army's propaganda team, led by Lt. Col Maurice Tugwell.

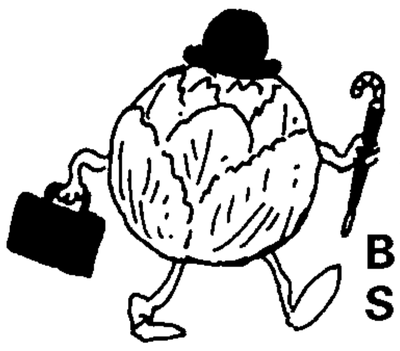
Tinson's enthusiasm for the Tory Party and Mrs Thatcher were never disguised. So highly was she thought of at Tory Central Office that at one stage she was offered the post of head of information and propaganda there. Now, however, her being named with Bernard Ingham, Charles Powell and Tim Bell as one of the people personally honoured by Mrs Thatcher could harm her work at ITN in the future: the Labour Party is already discussing the role the new Dame Susan might be given in covering of the next general election.

TYCOON UPDATE

CAP'N BOB'S financial empire may be even more unhealthy than is commonly believed: a report by CIT Research Ltd argues that the balance sheet of his Maxwell Communications Corporation is misleading.

The balance sheet lists various sums that are owed to MCC as current assets, whereas CIT Research prefers to classify them as term assets. "We believe therefore the group's deficit working capital of £91.9 million is somewhat understated by some £286.5 million. Such a deficit shows a very real dependency upon its committed bank lines to meet its general day to day trading requirements."

CORPORATION STREET W.12
An everyday Story of Broadcasting Folk
MICHAEL GREEN Controller Radio 4
" WHAT'S YOUR PLANS FOR 1991, CHECKLAND ?"
" TO STOP NEGLECTING WOMEN AT THE BBC...
INCREASE THEIR INFLUENCE...
LIFT
AND GIVE THEM MORE SAY...
AND I'LL MAKE IT MY NO.1 PRIORITY...
THE BOVERS REPEAT
BAR
ONCE WE'VE AXED WOMAN HOUR!"
" Trebles for the boys all round!"
Ken Pyne



BRUSSELS SPROUTS

EUROPE'S Control Court — the body that polices European Community laws and regulations, is to investigate the European Commission's involvement in what is believed to be "the biggest ecological disaster this century" — a lush region of Amazonian forest said to have been reduced to barren desert.

Members of the European Parliament are claiming that the commission wilfully connived in the destruction of millions of trees in Brazil's mountainous Carajas region to get top grade iron ore for Europe's big steel companies. The MEPs have been complaining to the commission for eight years about the consequences of their Carajas mining ventures, but all requests to send an independent investigator to the region have been ignored.

As an excuse the commission cited a loan contract made by the European Coal and Steel Community, with the World Bank, in 1982, in which the EC promised to lend Brazil $600 million in exchange for 13.6 million tonnes of iron ore a year for 15 years, through Brazil's state mining company the Companhia Vale do Rio Doce (CVRD).

Whereas the EC has paid only $257 million of the loan to Brazil to help pay off her enormous $150 billion debt, Europe's big steel companies continue to import huge amounts of top grade iron ore at banana prices and at terrible cost to the environment.

The death blow was caused by the EC's imports of crude iron which led to the destruction of millions of trees for charcoal for the region's primitive reduction furnaces. (Survival International estimated one million trees a year were destroyed.) Thanks to Dutch Socialist MEP Hemmo Muntigh, a resolution was passed in June last year to stop such imports, but by then most of the charcoal ovens had either been abandoned or were running down, leaving empty carcasses on a strip of desert.

The Euro Parliament's decision to take the commission to the Control Court — a rare occurrence — so shocked commission staff that one of their vice presidents went to Muntigh's office in person and said he would conduct the investigation himself. Only days after the Control Court decision, the commission sent a delegation to the Carajas region. It returned last month but said its findings were "confidential".

MEPs are scandalised that neither the environmental nor the developmental departments of the community were even consulted about the loan. Nor, they say, did the Council of Ministers vote unanimously on it as the ECSC treaty requires. Worse still, they claim the contract was only signed by one man, Francois Xavier Ortoli, the commissioner at the time. He said: "I don't remember whether it was me or anyone else who signed the contract. But the loan was signed according to regular procedure."

Even when there was evidence of ambush, torture, rape and extortion in the region, the commission did nothing, deferring all responsibility to the World Bank. Successive commission officials insisted too that the EC project was just a small part of the $62 billion dollar Gran Carajas programme. Euro Parliamentary documents confirm, however, that the EC project provides the infrastructure for this megalomaniac programme, which includes a 900-km railway and the Tucurui dam.

Three years ago the Environment Director of the Brazil State Mining Company (CVRD), Francisco de Assis Fonseca, condemned the project, saying supplies of timber would be exhausted within the next 20 years. Still, however, there was no reaction from the commission whose own official figures showed a total of 51,729 million tonnes of iron ore were imported from Brazil to the EC in 1988 alone.

The situation so angered Belgian Green MEP Paul Staes that he planted a 50 page-document on the desk of Commissioner for Latin American Affairs, Abel Matutes, requesting information. But his enquiries were rebuffed. "This is just a huge cover-up for misuse of community funds," he fumed.

His anger was further fuelled when on a visit to the Tucurui dam he saw that barrels of dioxin, the world's most poisonous waste, had been dumped there.

WHY-OH-WYATT?

ONE WHO could not get any fresh honours from Mrs Thatcher was Lord Wyatt, the former left-wing Labour MP whose Thatcher-worship in his *News of the World* column (billed, fantastically, as the "Voice of Reason") embarrassed even the paper's brown-nosed editors.

Wyatt has a lot to thank Mrs Thatcher for — not least his reappointment, only weeks before she resigned, as chairman of the Tote. She has energetically defended the decision while Wyatt himself constantly points out that at 72 he is not too old to be its chairman.

Much to his embarrassment, *The Times*, which has also printed Thatcherite drivel from the bow-tied peer, reveals the findings of a report on the Tote from Lloyd's Merchant Bank, due to be published soon after it was written in July 1989. The report makes a stinging attack on the Tote, its management and chairman, and says it was "incapable of formulating a coordinated strategy".

The report repeated many old criticisms (some set out in the *Eye* 20 years ago) to the effect that the Tote's assets and influence are never properly used for fear of treading on the toes of the big boys in the betting business. As the *Eye* revealed all those years ago, the publicly-owned Tote could, at a profit, provide cheap and accessible betting to the nation's punters and could, almost at a stroke, do the big betting monopolies out of business.

Those monopolies have always campaigned against the Tote (the Heath government considered a report to abolish it altogether) and they are quite happy with the emasculated version of it as exposed by the Lloyd's report and presided over by Wyatt. When the report was published the Home Office, under Douglas Hurd, drew up a report outlining the Government's responses. *The Times* reveals that after "outside representations" Hurd suddenly withdrew his press release and decided to say nothing about the report, which ever since has been covered up.

Many people believe those "outside representations" came from the betting industry, and they may be right. More probably they came from 10 Downing Street, from where Hurd got the order to bury the whole affair — an order which, as usual, he meekly obeyed.

Now that the privatisation of the Tote is again on the cards, will Lord Wyatt be involved, now that his benefactress has been toppled?

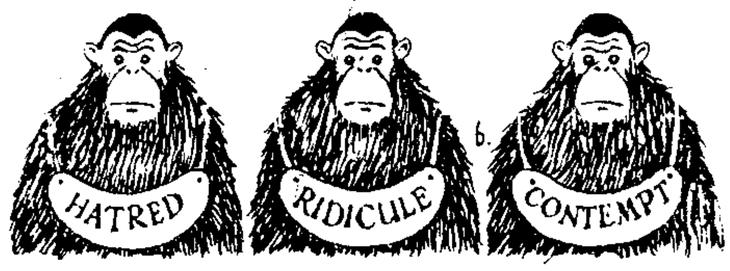
UN NEWS

LAST YEAR the *Eye* published details of China's treatment of its United Nations staff who were ordered to hand over their pay-packets unopened and were then given about ten dollars for fares.

Since international civil servants are supposed to be independent of their governments, the levy was against UN rules. Now the staff have been discreetly told that they do not have to worry — they can keep their own salaries.

This turnaround follows Peking's failure to stop the UN staff tribunal's reinstatement of workers who were to be ordered home to China after they had supported the democracy movement there.

LIBEL NEWS



CONRAD BLACK, eccentric Canadian proprietor of the *Telegraph Group*, has been busy issuing libel writs in his native land.

CBC, the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, and satirical singer Nancy White are being sued for $1.5 million after CBC radio broadcast one of White's songs lampooning Black over his stewardship of the pension fund of Dominion Stores (see *Eye* 670).

According to Black's statement of claim, White's song meant that Black had "put many workers out of work, destroyed many companies, stole from the pension fund and that he is a bizarre, peculiar or undesirable member of society or has ideas which make him a bizarre, peculiar or undesirable member of society".

As if this weren't hilarious enough, Black is also bringing a $1.5 million lawsuit against Ron Graham, the author of a book called *God's Dominion*, and his publishers McClelland and Stewart. *God's Dominion* is about religion in Canada and incidentally reveals that Black has been converted to the Roman Catholic faith.

The passage Black objects to, however, is on page 241 and by his own interpretation accuses him of being egotistic, greedy and "responsible for producing human misery". No doubt *Torygraph* employees whose happy lot it is to work at the Isle of Dogs will rush to Black's defence on this latter score.

PETER Carter Ruck & Partners are still reeling from the news that their wealthiest client, US oil magnate Armand Hammer, is dead.

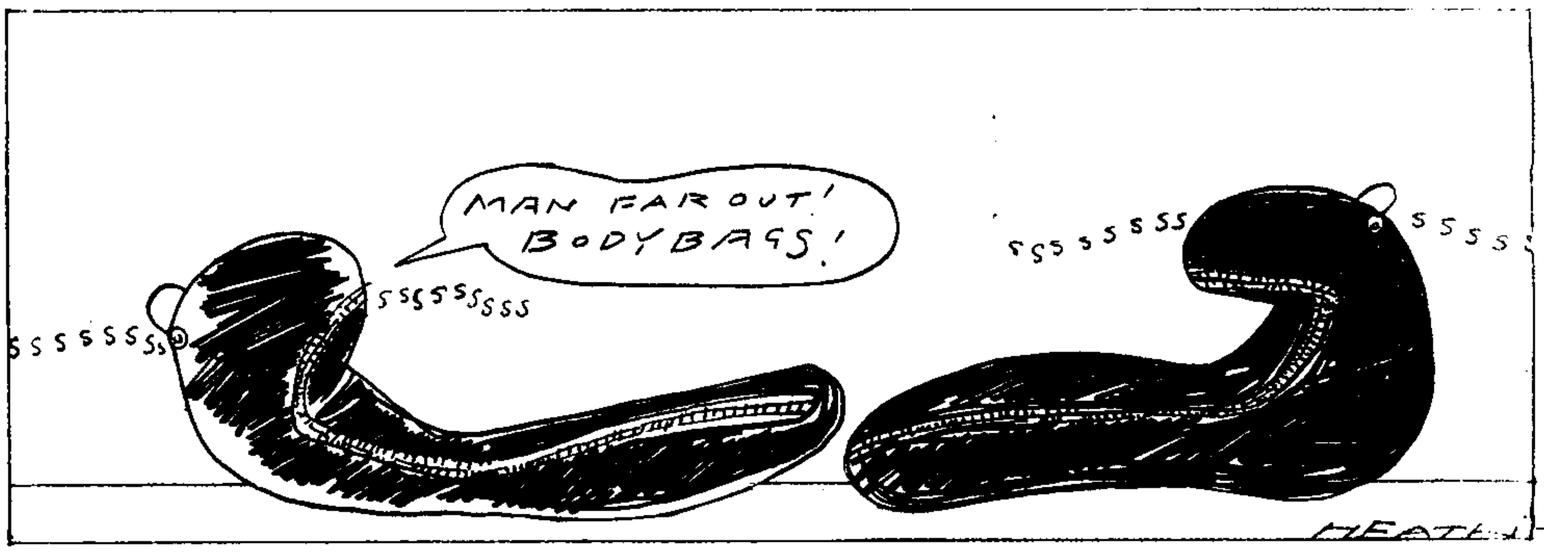
The firm of libel solicitors was in the midst of a convoluted and contentious lawsuit on behalf of Hammer against Random Century, the UK publishing group, which had published an unofficial biography of him. The trial had been due to start early this year and had been expected to be one of the longest-ever libel trials in the British courts, promising vast riches to Carter-Fuck and his minions.

Generally Carter-Fuck either wins in court for his clients or — his preferred scenario — forces the defendants into a settlement on the condition that they agree to pay his indemnity costs. This means that the defendants have no right to challenge the huge fees that Carter-Fuck charges. However, because of Hammer's death, the case against Random Century lapses, with each side obliged to pay their own costs. Carter-Fuck will now have to tender the bill for his services to his own client.

Will he charge Hammer's estate the same vast fees he would have demanded from Random Century in a settlement? Whatever the amount his firm seeks to charge, Carter-Fuck may have to wait several years for payment, since Hammer's will is being contested by his ex-wife.

NUMERO UNO

MICHAEL HEATH



Grovel

I AM fascinated to read an article in *Business Traveller* magazine about the plight of Britons in foreign jails. Much reference is made to an organisation called Prisoners Abroad, headed by Keith Best — who is described as "a barrister and former MP".

Strangely, nowhere in this long article is there any mention of Best's main qualification for the job: that he is himself a former convict, having thrown himself into the "enterprise culture" rather too enthusiastically by submitting multiple applications for British Telecom shares.

TO ORSO, the fashionable Covent Garden luncheonette, where I encounter the ever-youthful arts mogul Melvyn Bragg with a charming companion. They are sitting only a few yards from Barg's nemesis, Lynn Barber, who last year had the temerity to accuse him in one of her killer interviews of being — heaven forfend! — vain.

Melvyn asks my opinion about the imminent UK launch of *Vanity Fair* and then casually lets drop that the magazine's editor, the radiant Tina Brown, is flying in from New York next week to have lunch with him.

Somewhat taken aback at this distinction, I quiz him further. "Surely she's not flying in just to have lunch with you?" I ask.

"Yes," he replies breezily, "she's flying in, having lunch, and flying back again."

"But Melvyn," interjects Barg's delightful companion, "she's not having lunch with *just* you."

Only then does Melvyn concede that it is to be a lunch for *all* of Tina's London friends.

● *MY FRIEND Michael Watts, ex-editor of the Sunday Correspondent Magazine, is resentful at having twice been blackballed by the membership committee of the Groucho Club — a badge, I tell him, which should be worn with pride.*

*He believes that the guilty party is BBC "youf" supremo Janet Street-Porter, who briefly featured in a less than flattering light in his magazine. Fearlessly, Watts confronted Street-Porter and demanded to know if she had blackballed him. "No," she replied with all the charm and tact for which she is renowned, "it wasn't you.... it was some other c*nt."*

Pseuds Corner

I am a photojournalist.
I believe in the human condition.
Gender has no meaning in a working capacity —
I am a photographer.
I am totally involved.
I am religious yet have no religion.
I believe in compassion.
I believe in laughing and crying.
I believe my pictures explain.

JOAN WAKELIN

At the Swedish Film Institute, there was a tall glass case with a dress worn by Greta Garbo in the film Gosta Bjorling's Saga. After a lot of persuading, I persuaded the curator to open the case. When he opened it, I licked the dress. I licked it as hard as I could. I licked it so hard that it made a small hole in it. The taste of mildew and formaldehyde, or whatever it is they preserve dresses with, burned my taste buds, but it was wonderful. I'm not being flaky — this was an immortal moment for me. It was the closest thing to a religious experience this secular filmmaker can get. It was a beautiful dress, a black velvet dress, but where I licked it it was a transparent, gauzy material. The curator was outraged, but it was worth it."

GUY MADDEN
Toronto Globe & Mail

Biography more than any other narrative form foregrounds the question of the representation of its subject.

DR CORAL ANN HOWELLS
(reader in Canadian Literature, Univ. of Reading)
Times Higher Education Supp.

Are stones alive? Are they aware? Are there differences between stones? Do some stones endure the knocks of life lightly, while others slowly craze with lust for revenge?

...Thus we know from empirical observations that trees talk to each other — about insects, the weather, and other news of concern to trees. We can't overhear their conversation, because the ways and means of tree talk are different, and in a slower time-frame, than our own language.

RICHARD BALLANTINE
New Cyclist Magazine

Few things give sweeter pleasure to the orally obsessed than a bottle of vinegar. Not, of course, any old vinegar. What lovers of good food really crave is a bottle of true balsamic vinegar from Modena.

The taste is syrupy and aromatic, not at all tart, but the price will make the eyes water as it passes that of brandy (and whisky, and all but the finest wines) at £50 for less than a quarter of a pint.

DEIRDRE McQUILLAN
Evening Standard

CONTRIBUTORS: Peter Devenish, Joan Hilgerdenaar, Grace Price, J. Sanders, Richard Need.

£10 paid for entries

FRIENDS from across the herring pond tell me that public sentiment against war is being sorely tested in New York where Yoko Ono, with Sean Lennon in tow, has released a new version of "Give Peace a Chance".

This necrophiliac dirge, with additional socially concerned lyrics about AIDS and homelessness, was timed to coincide with the Gulf deadline. The kindest suggestion I have heard so far is that Yoko should have a long "sleep in". This time the media have promised not to disturb her.

● *MY UNUSUAL study shows that the collapse of the Sunday Correspondent has not left its former television critic Ms Jaci Stephen completely despondent (Geddit!?)*

*Says vivacious Jaci, seen here at a recent, fashionable West End party: "The way I look at it is this... No girl with a ****** should ever be out of a job." Sadly, in a family newspaper like this one, it is not possible to reproduce her remarks in full.*

TO A.N. WISLON'S new Camden residence for drinks, where I spy *Spectator* editor Dominic Lawson with his new paramour, the Hon. Rosa Monckton.

Apparently Lawson has rung up in advance to say that he would only attend on the strict condition that there are to be no members of the press present. I really cannot understand why the young blade should be so anxious. After all, surely he knows that Wislon and myself are highly prized for our discretion in these matters.

● *TCHAIK CHASSAY, interior design wizard and slowly maturing lothario, recently met his match, I gather, when he began to lavish his considerable attentions upon winsome Mirabella hackette Natasha Walters.*

"So you're Tchaik Chassay," she exclaimed gleefully. "You used to go out with my boyfriend's mother."

WHO SAYS lawyers are boring? At the splendid Law Society staff party, I am delighted to see the director of the Solicitors Complaints Bureau perform a Madonna impersonation, complete with jolly costume.

The lads from the bureau, fetchingly dressed in leather, made a wonderful backing group. The only dull aspect of the affair was the disappearance of the photographs afterwards and the news that some killjoy had complained to the secretary-general.

Pip Pip!

HART ATTACK

DAVID HART, one of Mrs Thatcher's most intimate advisers, has been whingeing about the use of "stolen" documents by *World in Action* during its exposé of his McCarthyite activities.

This is a curious complaint as it was Hart who leaked a forged Granada TV memo to his friend Frank Johnson of the *Sunday Telegraph*'s Mandrake column. The document, supposedly a summary of *World in Action*'s programme about Hart, was an obvious fake: the name of one of the programme makers was misspelt; a potential interviewee called "Peters" listed under the heading "Downing Street" does not exist. Johnson didn't check and published.

Hart believes he survived *World in Action's* investigation well and is now desperate for a parliamentary seat. But his close association with Thatcher's *ancien regime* may be too much of a burden for the former bankrupt.

Mrs Thatcher first started taking him seriously during the Falklands war. Hart sent her sycophantic telexes and memos urging her to smash the Argies. The PM responded on 10 April 1982, thanking him for a "perceptive and wise" letter: "It is MOST HELPFUL and confirms my own views."

Thatcher was also "most grateful" for Hart's "contribution" during the 1983 general election campaign. So was William Casey, then director of the CIA, when Hart visited him in July 1984. Casey wrote a memo to Tony Dolan, a presidential aide and speech-writer, suggesting he "adapt" some of Hart's ideas for Reagan's reelection campaign.

Hart met Casey on several occasions after that. And when the CIA director was ill in December 1986, Hart telephoned and left this fawning message: "With affection from me and my lady friend." This was Hart's code for Mrs Thatcher (he also refers to her, bizarrely, as his "girlfriend".)

Hart was perhaps most useful to Downing Street during the 1984 miners' strike. He was the bagman for the covert funding by big business of the working miners' legal actions against the NUM. As adviser to Coal Board boss Sir Ian MacGregor he intervened at crucial moments to prevent a negotiated settlement and ensure a political victory for his "girlfriend".

His influence with "The Lady" reached a peak during the 1987 general election when he was responsible for large chunks of Thatcher's speeches. "We are a lion-hearted people" being one of his "contributions".

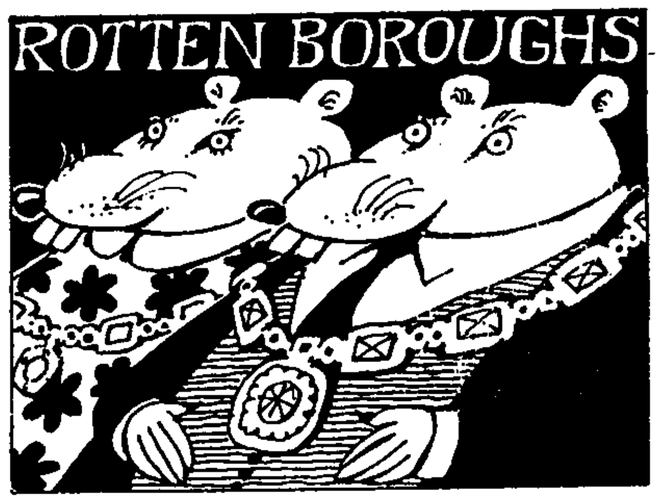
Tory Central Office is embarrassed by Hart and believes *World in Action* did a public service (Media Monitoring Unit, please note). But Hart maintains connections at the highest level. The new chancellor, Norman Lamont and environment minister Michael Portillo are Hart's closest political friends. In June 1989 Lamont, then Treasury chief secretary, wrote to Hart about his concerns over tax provisions in the finance bill. The chancellor added: "I did enjoy our lunch, as always very much."

The word is that the wealthy Hart is scouring the country for a safe Tory seat. The first time he tried in 1986 Hart's referees were Lord Young, Malcolm Rifkind and Ian Gow. Perhaps "The Lady" will now come to his rescue.

● **DAVID HART is in trouble with the clergy in Chadacre, Suffolk.**

David snapped up the 500-acre Chadacre estate, complete with its grade II listed hall, for £3 million last September. But in restoring the former home of an agricultural college to a private residence he has, in quite ungodly fashion, torn down a small thatched chapel in its grounds, much to the chagrin of some of the locals.

As David told the local rag: "It is a very ugly building and has no place in a small family private estate." And, as a friend and trusted former adviser to Mrs Margaret Thatcher, who can doubt anything he says?



SHEFFIELD

WITH TIME running out for Sheffield to save itself from near-certain bankruptcy should it press ahead with staging the World Student Games in July, the city's Labour leaders are determined to go down fighting.

A bid to pull out and save poll taxpayers millions was blocked by the council's ruling Labour group at a secret meeting on new year's eve when councillors voted 2 to 1 to keep the games going. Such is Labour's gall, members even threw out a Tory bid to scale down the tournament if sponsorship fails to materialise.

Despite mounting evidence that the city should abandon the games, council leaders are still stipulating that the event can be run at no cost to the poll taxpayer and with no cuts to services. As already detailed in the *Eye*, Sheffield is almost a municipal desert, with services closing down all over the city seven months before the first javelin is thrown. One children's home, four old people's homes, as many as 16 libraries and all but two public toilets now face the chop.

Meanwhile, having just realised that they ought to recruit referees and officials for the 11 "disciplines" on offer, the organisers are in the early stages of blind panic. Rules have been sent out to participating countries in English and French, which is sure to impress those in the Eastern bloc and Asia.

A pull-out now would cost Sheffield about £5 million against the £25 million-plus the city will lose if the games go ahead. But having been conned into staging the event in the first place — Sheffield was the only city to bid for them — council leaders are unlikely to worry about the costs when half a million gullible poll taxpayers can pay. Had council leaders heeded the advice of former games' chief executive Peter Burns and abandoned the project over a year ago, losses would have barely topped six figures.

Instead, they plan to meet environment secretary Michael Heseltine next month to ask him for substantial aid to offset projected losses. Unsurprisingly, the Government has refused to pour a penny of taxpayers' money into the event.

So why are Sheffield leaders insisting on spending their way to doom? It turns out that various political careers will be on the line if the city pulls out now. Council leader Clive Betts, recently ridiculed on television by a *World in Action* special modelled on the *Eye*'s earlier games' exposé, hopes to be ensconced in the safe Labour parliamentary seat of Sheffield Attercliffe by the time the tournament torch is lit and the district auditor is knocking on the town hall door.

COPELAND

CONTAMINATION in Cumbria is not restricted to Sellafield judging by the parlous state of Copeland borough council.

Top staff have been leaving the Labour-controlled authority in droves after a controversial £120,000 report drawn up by a Manchester-based consultancy group urged "re-structuring" of the town hall bureaucracy.

Indeed, so many finance chiefs have left that for a few months before Christmas the borough's dwindling coffers were being overseen by the district auditor and CSL Consultants. (Ironically, CSL's representative at the town hall, Harry Davies, is a former borough treasurer who is being paid the princely sum of £1 per year for his services!)

The gap at the top was caused by the sudden departure of former borough treasurer Graham Ball, who packed his bags after only eight weeks having found £14 million in uncollected poll tax on top of half-a-million pound rate arrears.

Town hall sources believe Ball was so disturbed by the state of Copeland's books that he was about to squeal to the Department of Environment but was instead "persuaded" to return south by council leaders who discovered that at his previous council, Bolsover in Derbyshire, Ball had been a key prosecution witness in the theft trial of the council leader and chief executive. Perhaps Ball was also perturbed at why several unusual organisations were enjoying enviable four-figure rate relief, including Screwfell Freemasons lodge.

Meanwhile those top town hall staff who have not left are in severe danger of being suspended like former chief auditor Ron Chaudhuri (since sacked), and two senior engineers following alleged tender irregularities. They were later joined by services director Bob Metcalfe, suspended pending investigations into work done on his driveway at home, the purchase of a car and tender irregularities involving the council's building works team.

Ironically, the works department itself was recently visited by Inspector Knacker following the suspension of two senior staff after allegations of using council equipment for private work. The department, which lost nearly £1 million last year, now faces closure by the Department of Environment.

BROMLEY

ALL HELL has been let loose in the once model Thatcherite borough of Bromley following the *Eye*'s exposé of the council's anti-social social services department which has privatised the running of its homes for old people and children.

The Tory borough's chief executive, Nigel Palk, has publicly rebuked social services director Mike Carpenter, as well as the crazily-named committee chairman Monty Blazey, for accepting free flights to America without council approval to "check out" privatised old people's homes in the United States.

Had the pair revealed the nature of their junket in the first place, of course, everybody would have wanted to go. Yet such was the council's ingratitude to the American firm who provided the freeloading it didn't award the Yanks a single management contract.

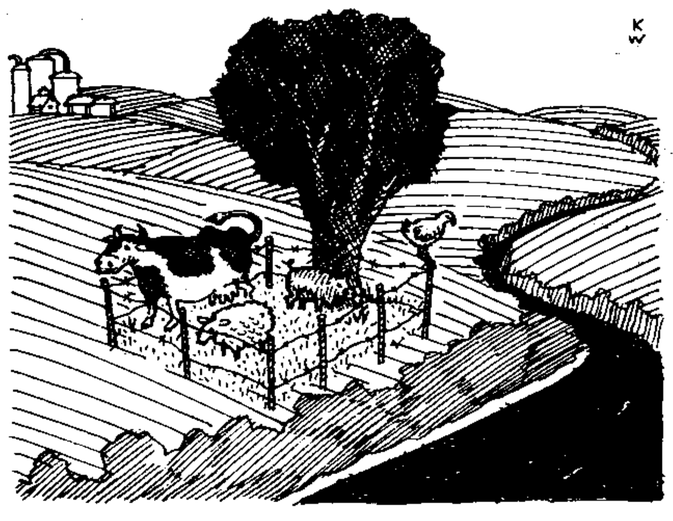
Instead, Bromley handed the running of the homes to various firms, some of whom turned out to be more expensive than the council. And when children in care complained through the courts about the homes being privatised, the caring council, mindful of its rapidly emptying coffers, asked for costs to be awarded against the youngsters.

Carpenter must have been severely embarrassed by his public dressing-down, for he soon took out his ire on one of his own elected council members, Labour's Nick Field, whom he admonished for taking part in a demonstration staged by children in care against the privatisation of their homes.

Will Field continue the war of words by naming the drunken Tory councillors who tried to break up the demonstration? Watch this space.

"Good Lord, no – cavalry went out years ago"

DOWN ON THE FARM



with 'Old Muckspreader'

YOU HAVE to hand it to the mischief merchants of the Bruges Group. It was an artful new year wheeze to persuade Mrs Thatcher to be their nominal president and to address a grand rally in the Free Trade Hall in Manchester. The Europhiles are hugely agitated. The more they scoff that she is a marginal figure of no importance, the shiftier they look.

The European Commission's disinformation service has been saying the Manchester rally is an act of disloyalty to that nice, mild Mr Major; but Old Muckspreader can confirm that he had knowledge of the idea and backed the Bruges Group jolly. The Free Trade Hall was erected in 1853 as a monument to the Liberals who humiliated the common agricultural policy of the stern unbending Tories.

And who will sponsor this great rally of defiance against the mercantilist monster of the European Commission? My hunch is that Toyota and Nissan will be writing out huge cheques.

Yet the Bruges Group is really a con. It says it is not opposed to the commission, only to what it does. It reckons the food mountains and other nonsenses that are the definitive features of the EC can be ameliorated. They cannot. They *are* the EEC.

WATCH OUT for a very silly public relations tussle for a new agricultural product that is really very old.

Bord na Mona, the peat marketing quango of the Irish Republic, is seeking a PR agency to tackle the puffery going on from the caring Scottish and English peat vendors. Add to this cocktail of vacuous vanity (peat is peat, after all) the efforts of the Friends of the Earth satellite lobby "The Peatlands Campaign", and Fisons plc and their frontmen at Hill & Knowlton, the deadly rivals of Bord na Mona, and we are guaranteed the excavation of many antique non-sequiturs.

As the piffle manufacturers leap to tell us about non-renewable resources and rare slugs in danger, remember that the fight is really about subsidies. As Hill & Knowlton is busy extolling the virtues of Nuclear Electric (soon to be in the Guinness Book of Records for receiving the most subsidies per kilowatt hour), and you will not need a geiger counter to detect conflicts of interest.

BRYCE HARLAND, the New Zealand high commissioner, conducts his decorous campaign of criticism of our farmers' organised crime syndicates with such delicacy that most of us would never know that antipodean farmers can ship us all the food we need at a fraction of the price of EEC farmers.

The Wellington government seems to think the French and German bureaucracies will relent if the Kiwis are compliant. But Harland's give-no-offence posture slipped when he pointed out to a conference on agriculture at Oxford last week that all the expert opinion was confounded when New Zealand de-privileged its farmers.

Subsidies for New Zealand farmers were 33 percent and are now no more than 3 percent, yet only 800 of NZ's 50,000 farmers have gone out of business. Strange things, markets.

THE INSTITUTE of Refrigeration sounds very far removed from the dirty world of the farmyard, and as fridge manufacturers get no subsidies that we know of, why do we mention them?

The Montreal Protocol was a high water mark of the bogus CFC scare and it is sending panic into the cadres of refrigeration engineers. They are under bureaucratic instruction to find substitutes for chlorofluorocarbons, even though technology has not evolved to find substitutes.

The banning of CFCs is part of the international conspiracy to blame atmospheric changes on capitalism when they are really caused by sunspots.

The Montreal Protocol is advertised as a great gesture of enlightened science saving us from a poisoned 21st century. In fact the Institute of Refrigeration murmurs fears that all the freezer networks will break down if HCFCs such as R22 are not allowed to continue in use. It is a pleasing model of folly that a daft rule to protect us from air poisoning will promote extensive food poisoning.

CAN IT REALLY be true that our otherwise gentlemanly and Christian agriculture secretary John Selwyn Gummer has been boasting to Peter Lilley that "We've got the farmers by the Gourlays". A tasteless remark, yet true.

"Forget the critics, Max! You're a damn fine illusionist"

CONSERVATION NEWS

THE Geneva-based World Wildlife Fund, fearful of losing funding from South Africa, has put a stop to highly embarrassing investigations that revealed how the South African army connived in the slaughter of elephant and rhino in Angola.

The scam was uncovered by KAS Enterprises Ltd, a company founded by the late Sir David Sterling, a committed conservationist and the original brains behind the SAS.

In association with the WWF — aka The Worldwide Fund for Nature — KAS engaged in the surveillance and trapping of rhino horn and ivory poachers in Namibia, Angola and Zimbabwe. Led by former Iranian embassy siege hero Lt Colonel Ian Crook, the boys' own former SAS unit vigorously tracked down the poachers but were shocked to discover that the South African government, supporting the Savimbi forces in Angola, was in part aiding and abetting the slaughter.

Savimbi and his Unita forces used poaching to supplement their income to buy weapons, which were delivered by South African government vehicles. They were then used to take the tusks and horn away for sale.

The KAS team also found that diplomats from countries which had signed the convention prohibiting the sale of tusks and horn were in fact smuggling them out of Africa in their own diplomatic bags. But when the evidence was presented to the WWF, it ordered KAS to stop inquiries. One major reason was the fear that funding from other South African interests might dry up.

Meanwhile in Britain a question mark hangs over the charismatic Sterling's estate. He died last year having poured £300,000 of his own money into the anti-poaching project and as a result there may be no funds left to pay medical bills. The Sterling family hopes any shortfall will be made up by the generosity of J Paul Getty III, a long-time admirer of Sterling's.

Sally Deedes

SIR OWEN GREEN, chairman of BTR plc, the engineering and rubber giant, has refused to make a £1 million donation to seven non-profit-making organisations involved with amputation and the welfare of the severely disabled. This is in line with BTR's declared policy of never giving to charity.

Yet in 1989 this policy was modified by a donation of £50,000 to the Natural History Museum Development Appeal, the fund-raising committee of which was co-chaired by disgraced Gerald Ronson and Sir Owen Green under the patronage of the Princess of Wales.

While it may suit Sir Owen's social pretensions to give some of his shareholders' money to this particular charitable appeal, he has not seen fit to endow a single penny on charities with an obvious claim on BTR's social conscience. In the same year, for example, a Monopolies and Mergers Commission report, *Artificial Lower Limbs*, showed that BTR had made excess profits by exploiting a monopoly in the supply and fitting of artificial limbs. The MMC report argued that the monopoly was against the public interest, though there was no mention of BTR in the summary of the report findings. The minimal publicity that was given to the operation of this monopoly heaped the blame on an obscure company called Inter-Med — a wholly owned subsidiary of BTR.

The findings of the MMC report have not been drawn to the attention of BTR shareholders at an AGM or in an annual report, so BTR shareholders have been unable to decide whether they consider a donation to an appropriate charity for amputees more or less worthy than a donation to a pet cause of Sir Owen's.

POLICE 5

SECRET tape recordings of conversations between senior police officers in Greater Manchester, obtained by the *Eye*, throw worrying new light on the notorious affair of "bent" bobby Ged Corley.

As *Eye* readers well know, Corley was jailed for 17 years for allegedly supplying weapons to criminals, but was later released following revelations that he may have been jailed on the word of untrustworthy "supergrasses".

However, according to the officer who nailed Corley, former Inspector Peter Jackson, the whole affair — which resulted in one false conviction, one overturned testimony and the long and costly inquiry which is still taking place — would have turned out quite differently if Manchester officers had acted more promptly.

Jackson first revealed his doubts about the conviction to the head of the investigating team, Chief Superintendent Arthur Roberts, in May 1989. The conversation was secretly taped by Jackson — and most revealing it was, too.

To Jackson's innocent plea: "Why can't we tell the truth [about a possible conspiracy against Manchester police]?", Roberts quips: "The way it comes out it makes us look fucking ridiculous."

On the tape Roberts defends a Manchester sergeant who "put his neck on the block for us..." and who had "shown us papers which could ruin him and his wife..." To which papers does Roberts refer? Surely not to confidential documents handed to prosecuting officers by a sergeant whose wife had "removed" them from the office of Corley's solicitors where, coincidentally, she worked?

Jackson, determined that the inconsistencies he had come across should be investigated by a neutral force, then told Roberts that "the only way I'm going to be satisfied is if [this file] is at Chester House [police HQ] in an hour." Roberts responded: "All that will do is knock our credibility."

Jackson then went to assistant chief constable Malcolm George. The two men enjoyed a most unusual exchange of views, a tape of which has also been exclusively obtained by the *Eye*.

George: There are some questions I'd like to ask you.

Jackson: Ask away, sir.

George: No, it would be out of order.

Jackson: If I've got one nagging doubt [about Corley's guilt] I think there should be an inquiry.

George: I find your logic extraordinary.

Surprisingly, George admitted that the option to do nothing was open to him: "The matter may not even justify inquiring into," he told Jackson. This was despite Jackson's telling him how villains had attempted to frame police officers with a sawn-off shotgun which had been secreted into the loft at an officer's home and how hairs had been removed from the same officer's pillow by a villain who was having an affair with the officer's wife.

Ten days after their conversation George was still "considering" his next move. An inquiry was eventually initiated, led by West Yorkshire Police, but only after Jackson had complained as a member of the public.

Jackson himself is now under suspicion following his recent arrest by the West Yorks officers, who may have wanted to destabilise him. He has now retorted by issuing a formal complaint against Greater Manchester police to add to his original complaint against Roberts. This time he accuses George of possible conduct prejudicial to discipline through delay in handling his complaint.

Sporting Life

THE sad saga of Dr Michael Dargan — aka "Dr Death" — and the Irish bloodstock company, Goffs, runs on and on.

One of the ironies of the Dargan-led buy-out of International Bloodstock Holdings last summer — from which Dargan himself was one of the principal beneficiaries — is that the poor beleaguered Aga Khan (or the Aliysa One, as Bruffscott and others would have it), has become the new chief shareholder in Goffs itself.

Such was feared and opposed by the other Goffs bloodstock directors and ten million out of twenty six million voting shares were cast against the move at the extraordinary general meeting. But Dargan and his allies have subsequently dealt ruthlessly with those who opposed them: Sean Collins of Corbally Stud was speedily ousted from the board; and further details have emerged about the dismissal of Charlie Murless, who in the Goffs heyday was as closely involved with the company's PR as Jonathan Irwin himself.

Murless was sacked for "gross disloyalty" by the managing director Philip Myerscough after a colleague had apparently gone through his desk on the sly and passed some supposedly incriminating evidence to the financial director, Bill Hartley. Shortly after this incident Myerscough called round to Murless's house on the Curragh, called him out to his car and did a Jeffrey Archer — ie produced an envelope stuffed with readies — which he offered to Murless as a £6,000 "thank you" for his years of service. Murless said: "Thanks but no thanks" and his claim for compensation for wrongful dismissal is now in the hands of his solicitors.

This will be the fourth case of litigation facing the Goffs board, the others being Jonathan Irwin's own suit; a writ from an Australian publishing company commissioned to produce a second Carter Million book and who allegedly had their contract broken; and another suit for unfair dismissal filed by Peter Courtenay, ex- of IBH.

Courtenay appears to have been made a scapegoat for the laughable affair of IBH and one of its former secretaries known to her employers as "Carol". It seems that Carol went to the IBH accountants and asked for a cheque — payees' name to be left blank — to be drawn for £20,000 so she could "buy stationery and pay for the post office machine." "Gladly", said the accountants... and Carol was never seen again. The Goffs/IBH management decided not to inform the Gardai but tried to contact Carol to persuade her to return the money. Everything would be fine if she did, they said. She said okay and promptly left the country, leaving Goffs £20,000 out of pocket and too embarrassed to call in the police — particularly as Goffs could now be charged with failing to report a crime.

Goffs can ill afford to lose even £200 at present as the results of last October's Irish National Yearling Sales were calamitous with a drop in turnover of more than 50 percent compared with the previous year. Not even the abnormally insensitive "Dr Death" could be expected to survive a repeat performance in 1991 and it is being said in Dublin and the City that leading breeders and pro-Irwin forces are planning to launch another takeover bid for the company before long. This one will run and run.

'Major Bonkers'

DENTISTRY NEWS

THE DENTISTS' trade union, the General Dental Council, is looking decidedly toothless following its botched attempt to discipline one of its members for an audacious attempted fraud.

Last year Belfast filler and driller Ivan Goldblatt was convicted of having used the names of more than 100 of his NHS patients to try to obtain £390,000 worth of TSB shares. (His scam failed when the merchant bank handling the flotation became suspicious that so many different people seemed to live at the same address — namely Goldblatt's surgery.)

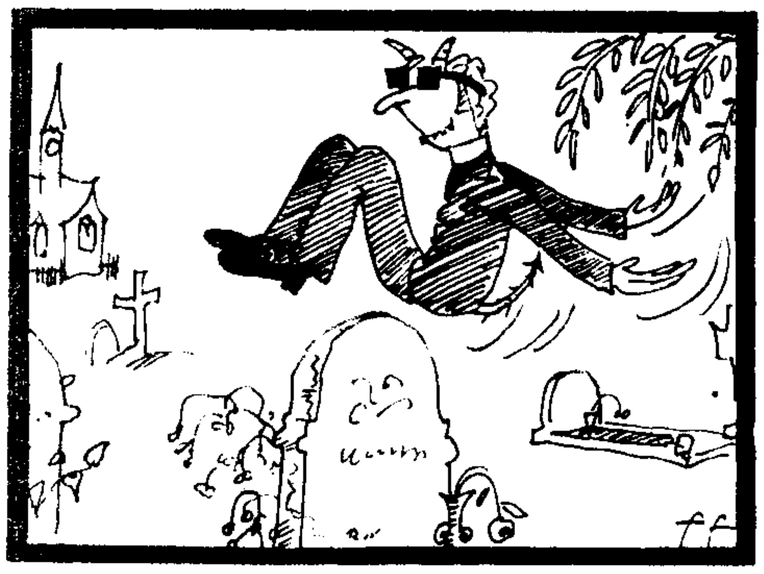
The shares weren't issued, but an arrest warrant was. Goldblatt tried to have the case thrown out due to the delay in prosecuting, but failed. In court he received a two-year suspended sentence and an £11,400 fine, just 10 per cent of the planned fraud. One reason for this leniency was the certainty that the GDC would impose its own penalty — either suspension from practice or even an outright ban.

The self-regulatory body ordered Goldblatt not to work as a dentist until 1 December 1991; but he ignored its decision and has continued to pull molars. What the GDC failed to notice is that the dentist is also a qualified doctor and although suspended from the dental register, he remains on the medical list. As doctors can legally provide most forms of dental treatment Goldblatt has taken full advantage of his rights.

The GDC is miffed, but only has itself to blame: Goldblatt's entry in the GDC's register shows clearly his medical qualifications, obtained some eight years before the dental degree. Goldblatt apparently believes he's being persecuted by the bureaucrats and the media, and is maintaining his silence as the GDC tries to persuade the General Medical Council to act against their joint member.

Things could be worse though: the stock exchange could have let Goldblatt buy the TSB shares with their unenviable bad debt potential built in.

"This recession's certainly hotting up competition in the high street"



CHURCH NEWS

WORSHIPPERS attending Evensong at Lincoln Cathedral on Christmas Day may have been surprised to hear a special prayer "for the cathedral's financial controllers, at this difficult time".

This was the latest salvo in the vitriolic dispute between the Dean of Lincoln, the Very Rev Brandon "Brandy" Jackson, and his four "residentiary canons" — the sub-dean, the precentor, the chancellor and the archdeacon. But the prayer was in vain: even the King of Kings, it seems, is unable to end this unholy row.

Jackson was appointed by Mrs Thatcher in 1989 with a personal brief "to clean the place up". (The diocese includes her home town of Grantham, and she was convinced that it was stuffed with fuddy-duddy clergy who were Not One of Us.) Soon after his arrival Jackson found the pretext he needed: the cathedral had exhibited its rare copy of Magna Carta at the 1988 World Expo exhibition in Brisbane and, he discovered, had lost £50,000 on the venture.

This loss was not quite as scandalous as he immediately assumed. It is not uncommon for cathedrals to lose money — on choir trips overseas, and so forth — and the loss was more than outweighed by the profits from previous outings, as when Magna Carta was shown in the United States in 1985, for instance, and the cathedral made more than £90,000 profit.

But the new dean didn't pause to consult his sub-dean, Rex Davis, who had been largely responsible for the Magna Carta arrangements. Instead he leaked the draft accounts to the *Church Times*, which on 19 January last year ran an article headed: "How the Lincoln Chapter burnt its fingers in Brisbane."

Since then, there has been all-out war. The Bishop of Lincoln conducted an inquiry into the affair last summer and censured both sides. "The residentiary canons... and the dean have conducted themselves shamefully," he wrote. "It all seems a very long way from Jesus of Nazareth." The canons were criticised for complaining to the Press Council about the *Church Times* story; the dean was condemned for inspiring the story in the first place.

Undeterred by this rebuke, the dean is bouncier than ever. As a skilful media manipulator, he has ensured that almost all newspaper articles about the affair have taken his side. Meanwhile, he is pressing ahead with the tasks which his Grantham mistress set him: he has urged the C of E to revise cathedral statutes so deans would become more like "managing directors" with wide powers to hire and fire. Just as Thatch tried to turn universities into businesses, so her blue-eyed boy is now hoping to do the same with the church — with himself playing the part of Jeffrey Sterling or Rupert Murdoch, presumably.

Brandy's approach to industrial relations is well illustrated by a recent memo he sent to the four canons, of which the *Eye* has obtained a copy. "Believe it or not," he writes, "I would love most of all to see you, all older than me, find fulfilment, happiness and positive ministry in your final years before retirement... But what can you do and where can you go?"

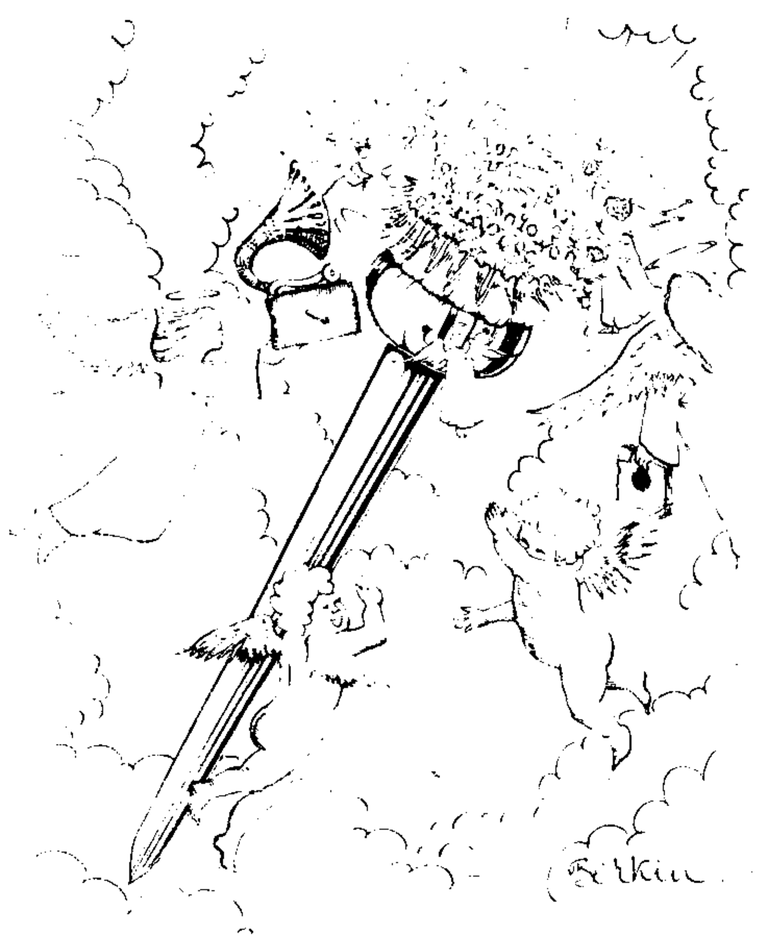
His answers are blunt. To Canon David Rutter, the precentor, he suggests: "There is only one place where you, David, ought to go, if I may say so gently and politely, and that is into residential care where you will be properly looked after. You are a sick man and you are not capable of carrying out the duties of precentor and the cathedral is suffering as a result." This is a none-too-subtle reference to the fact that Rutter is going blind.

Jackson proposes that Dr John Davis, the cathedral's chancellor, should shove off to a small parish called Colsterworth in Nottinghamshire — to where the last dean, Oliver Twistleton-Wickham-Fiennes, retired. "It would be a splendid idea for you to go and be his vicar! It's not far from Nottingham, it's on the A1..."

His comments to Davis, the sub-dean, are cruder still: "I have found it virtually impossible to work with you... Let's face it, we have both found a match for one another: you are not going to give way to me and I am no pushover for you. You are now in a very difficult position... Your wife lives in London, your daughter is gravely ill in London. The police are investigating and you must feel holed in..." The dean then threatens to "destroy you" unless Davis moves to London forthwith: "I don't know what you would do there, but there must be scores of livings..."

Jackson's mention of Davis's daughter was deeply ill-judged: over the Christmas holiday, shortly after the memo was sent, she died of cancer at the age of 27. Though far less offensive, his menacing reference to the police was still misleading: Knacker has conducted a formal investigation into the Magna Carta affair, after receiving an anonymous letter claiming there was corruption, but has found no incriminating new evidence.

"My concern," the dean explains sweetly at the end of his poisonous note, "is that you should all be able to go with dignity and without recrimination." Fat chance. The Greater Chapter of Lincoln — a 40-strong gathering of local clerics — will meet on 28 January to discuss the crisis. Peace and love are unlikely to be on the agenda.



"They're going for the record"

GOD IS NOT the only one who moves in mysterious ways, judging by the behaviour of Donald Hunt, organist at Worcester Cathedral.

Mr Hunt, known unaffectionately to his choristers as "Whaddock", falls firmly into the Edwin Drood tradition of organists, prone to raging fits and foaming at the mouth. He is notorious in clerical circles and has forced several lay clerks to leave, at one point coincidentally creating a vacancy for his own son.

His latest and most public tirade was directed at his assistant organist who, about to take the choir on a tour of Germany (in accordance with his contract), was confronted in the cathedral by his enraged superior.

In front of hundreds of bemused Japanese tourists (they presumably imagined the showdown to be part of Choral Evensong) Whaddock Hunt, his organ-stop eyes bulging from their sockets, screamed at his deputy: "You've had your chips mate, I will destroy you" and then made several less than peaceful gestures at him before being restrained and led away.

'B.L. Zebub'

Letters

Private Eye

Front lines

Sir,

I just have to write to you in regard to the Gulf situation. I am sitting watching "Sleepwalking to War" on BBC2 Saturday 7.30pm; I have never heard Tony Benn speak so much sense. I have been a soldier and served in Northern Ireland but I cannot understand why we have to get involved in an Arab conflict when we didn't get involved with Pol Pot in Cambodia who is a thousand times worse than Hussein, unless of course you look at what the Establishment want: a power base in the East plus OIL.

I have just realised that there really will be a war. A Church of England vicar has just said that not fighting this "EVIL" is just not on. When a sky pilot says something like that then you can kiss peace goodbye. I know lots of squaddies read Private Eye and enjoy your comments, especially on Ireland. I hope you could put something in to cheer them up because ordinary soldiers are really in a no-win situation.

Regards,
GED SMITH.

Manchester.

Ripe bananas

Sir,

Has anyone noticed the astonishing resemblance between the extensive coverage of the demise of Mrs Sonia Sutcliffe in your organ and a severe case of sour grapes? I wonder, could they by any chance be related?

Yours faithfully,
CHRIS KENDALL.

University College, Oxford.

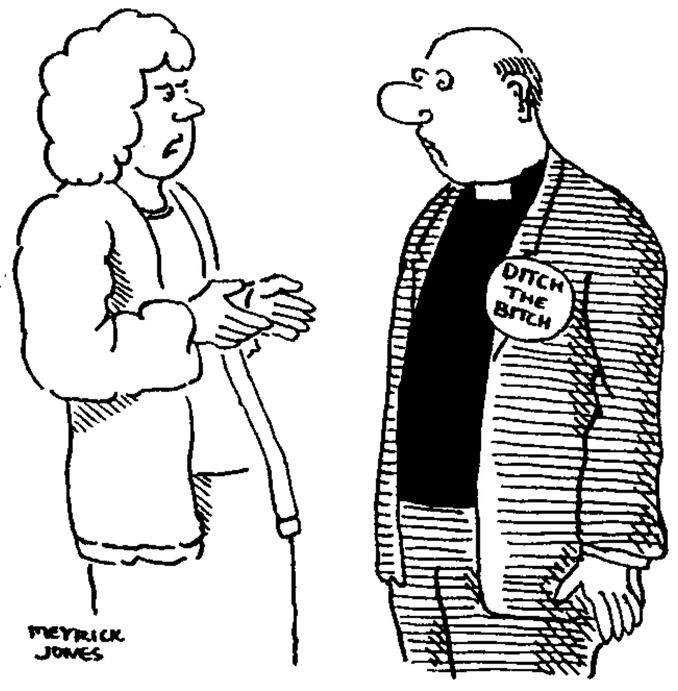
Fun and games

Sir,

I was interested to see the references to Sheffield and the World Student Games in "Rotten Boroughs". In '87 David Blunkett, then leader of Sheffield City Council, was heavily involved in the efforts to secure the games for Sheffield: so much so that he even stayed on as leader after being elected as MP for Brightside, Sheffield. Has anyone noticed, as I have, that since being appointed Labour spokesman on local government he now remains completely silent on the debacle that is the Student Games? Does he find the situation embarrassing? I think we should be told.

Yours, just off to pay my poll tax,
G. COOKE,

Sheffield.



"For the last time, Shula Archer isn't a real person"

Magnus opus

Sir,

Your Diary (Eye 758) contains an incorrect etymology of the name Robert Robinson. It is, in fact, a loan translation of the Old Icelandic Magnus Magnusson.

Yours philologically,
NICHOLAS JONES.

Translator of Icelandic, Cambridge.

Hard one

Sir,

May I draw your attention to the interesting news that 1991 marks the 490th anniversary of Michelangelo's first chiselled strokes upon his noble apotheosis of European civilisation: the magnificent statue of David.

Sad to say, the contemporary personification of European thought and ideas appears to be somewhat diminished in stature, to that of a mere lubricious dandiprat, as our children gaze, tired-eyed, upon the latest sculpture sex-aid to be introduced into the classroom. Described by its earnest patrons, the Brook Advisory Centres, as an "...anatomically correct model of a penis in a white, stone-like material", the wee pigwidgeon comes complete with its ubiquitous packet of condoms and comic strip instruction sheets (a real snip at only £48!).

So then, farewell noble David. Hail to thee Modern Man: sans brains, sans heart, sans soul, sans almost everything. Nothing left but a stone-like penis in a rubber bag.

Yours faithfully,
VICTORIA GILLICK,

Wisbech, Cambs.

Quackers

Sir,

I was delighted to read in your column that recognition was being given at last to my council's sterling work in protecting that most treasured of British institutions, the countryside.

I have to say, however, that I think you "ducked" most of the pertinent issues in the case. My council would be delighted to see a "duckery" established on the site but became more than a little concerned when a commercial fishery was advertised. Something "fishy" going on here, we thought!! Particularly as the occupant of the farm breeds and shows Clydesdale horses. Could this be a revolution in cross-breeding? A hitherto unthought of farm diversification scheme? Or was it merely a load of "horse manure" leading to an increased "crop" of isolated houses in the countryside?

My council has tried to "fertilise" the occupant's business and "improve his crop yield" through a £30,000 grant that has lain unused for three years. The occupant has failed to "sow" this grant aid properly allowing a "bumper crop" to be obtained via the tourist trade. Who knows, he may be able to start a furrier's business specialising in wild mink?

I do hope you will be able to publish this letter and acknowledge my councillors' "broadmindedness" as opposed to "smallmindedness". They have done everything in their power to "feather" the occupant's "nest" but have felt compelled to stop short of providing him with a "featherbedded" existence. By the way there is no truth in the rumour that the most popular dish at the recent district council's lunch was Duck à l'orange!!

Your Feathered Friend,
MIKE THOMSON,

Director of Policy, Planning & Development, Clackmannan District Council.

Anagrams

Sir,

Since the Arabic word "Hajj" signifies a pilgrimage to the holy places of Saudi Arabia, Mr Milne would not, I trust, wish to overlook the spiritual succour recently accorded to this reign by a certain "Hajj Moron".

Yours devotionally,
STEVEN'S CAT,

Gloucester.

Sir,

John Major is an anagram — oh yes. Even in his skanking Brixton youth he was noted for his unremarkable appearance and was widely known as: "Jah Jo Norm".

One love and Unity,
JOHN HARRISON,

London SW9.

Sir,

"John Major" may not have an anagram in English, but Jamh Noorj is Vietnamese for invisible daffodil.

Yours faithfully,
JOHN SPENCELEY,

London E13.

Right to vote right

Sir,

Aren't you making rather a meal out of this government's extension of the period in which expats can vote in British elections? If you had bothered to look abroad you would have seen that in the EC only three of our partners (Greece, Ireland and Belgium) do not allow their expat citizens to vote in perpetuity in domestic elections. The rest allow this privilege, nay right, forever. The Italians positively hound their expats to vote. US citizens can vote ad infinitum in presidential elections. Try not to be so narrowly parochial.

Yours faithfully,
MRS A. PARRY,

Surbiton.

Decadent

Sir,

May I be allowed to congratulate Mr Andrew Scholl (Letters, Eye 758) on his being one of the four remaining men in Christendom who knows when a decade ends (i.e. can count meaningfully up to ten)?

Yours numerately,
JOHN FRASER,

Wavertree, Liverpool.

Nut roasted

Sir,

I wonder if Old Muckspreader is interested in the facts or whether he takes phone calls from any old Tom, Dick or Alan Long without checking the other side of the story.

The Vegetarian Society is far from troubled.

Our revenue has increased by far more than the 30% that the salaries bill was increased last year. I would have thought that Private Eye of all publications would applaud our new policy of rewarding its staff with realistic salaries.

Our membership has increased by 120% since 1980, and continues its upward trend.

Our detractors do not highlight the increase in activity in our Cookery School, the enormous amount of publicity generated by our youth campaigns or the uplift in staff morale since Alan Long came off Council.

The "dodgy approbations on commercial products" saves vegetarians from having to read labels, and at the same time helps towards the increase in staff salaries.

The Charity Commissioners have investigated the allegations made by Alan Long and his gang of three and found no infringements. They, like most of your readers and many of our members, must be bored stiff by the continuing saga of the disaffected Alan Long.

Yours sincerely,
PAT McGLASHAN (Ms),

General Manager, The Vegetarian Society, Altrincham, Cheshire.

Lookalike

Waugh

Rushdie

Sir,

I can't help wondering if Mr A. Waugh and Mr S. Rushdie are in some way related. It would be fascinating to know if they are.

Yours etc.,
M.J.D. PLAYER,

Keith, Banffshire

I-SPY

New Delhi

Submitted by Alan Davey. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Hard drug days

Sir,

I write in reply to Derek Mercer's letter (4 Jan 91) in which he condemns the smoking of marijuana, and all imitations.

Soft drugs have always been herded together with heroin, crack and other potentially lethal substances.

The appalling ignorance of the British public and their inability to differentiate between smack and grass has led to millions of pounds being spent by the authorities persecuting people who've had a hard day.

A friend of mine in the CID once confided to me (in a treasonable manner) that in his years as a constable, during which he was bound to diffuse various confrontations and arrest wrongdoers, drink was usually the prevalent catalyst. He couldn't recall anyone starting a fight when they were stoned.

I therefore refuse to believe that giggling inanely constitutes a threat to public order.

Yours despairingly,
ANDREW SMITH,

Heston, Middx.

Rydeing high

Sir,

Mr Derek Mercer has joined the ranks of ex-readers (Eye 758) all because the poor man was offended by an advertisement for the Ultimate Legal High.

Yet he has not complained about such adverts as Dial-A-Slag, Sex With Your Hamster and the Ultimate Thrill — Doris Drops Them! I realise these are meant as jokes. If Mr Mercer tried smoking the Ultimate Legal High he too might find a sense of humour.

Yours, in praise of
your ultimate organ,
M.J. EMSON,

Ryde, I.O.W.

Beyond our ken

Sir,

You make no new friends by persecuting huntsmen and supporting "antis", who are little more than urban riff-raff ignorantly intent on spoiling the pleasures of others.

I trust you have not embraced puritanism, or indeed socialism, doctrines which often lie together in unholy union.

I am respectfully yours,
REV. J. PEALE,

Norton Fitzpayne, Somerset.

Hit or Ms

Sir,

Whilst I was delighted to see spiffing image Barbara Amiel justly reaching top of the Top Ten Bores this week (Eye 757), I could not help noticing a strange omission on the part of your chart compilers.

Where, oh where, is the Chief Heselteenie herself, Miss Emma Nicholperson? The omission is all the more remarkable, given that she and Ms Amiel are both clearly graduates of the august Thatcher School of Charm, and have both (almost) perfected the cocked-head-stare-and-bared-teeth delivery to camera.

I trust that your compilers' computers will rectify this hurtful oversight without delay.

Yours faithfully,
JON RICHARDS,

Bideford, N Devon.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"The Iraqi Foreign Minister has said a war in the Gulf won't be like a Rambo film — it will be bloody, long and terrible."
BBC RADIO 5
(John Briggs)

"Both economically, politically and socially."
NEIL KINNOCK, BBC2
(C.J. Bull)

"Sure, there've been deaths and injuries in boxing, but none of them serious."
ALAN MINTER, LBC
(Anon)

Caller: *"Hello, Doug, I'm a single mother."*
Douglas Cameron: *"Oh, and have you got any children?"*
LBC
(Anon)

"There is no such thing as a surgical strike, as the scalpel can turn into a club and have a boomerang effect."
JEREMY PAXMAN, BBC 2
(D. Sweeney)

"Gary Lineker — trying to get that hamstring to the ball!"
TREVOR BROOKING, BBC1
(Sally West)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from Moscow

from Our Own Correspondent

WHILE you in the west watch *perestroika* and *glasnost* being crushed once and for all by the tanks and armoured cars now double-parked in the centre of Vilnius, capital of Lithuania, back in Moscow conservatives in our army and bureaucracy are once again walking around with broad smiles on their over-fed faces.

Though the reasons are obvious, western correspondents here seem to be unaware of the mess which Boris Yeltsin's radicals have got themselves into since they captured the city parliament — the Moscow Soviet — over a year ago.

Gavril Popov, the mayor of Moscow, is beginning to behave like an old Brezhnevite (which is, of course, what he once was), and is buying off dissenters with freebies, patronage and economic concessions.

His deputy, Sergei Stankevich, whom we see being interviewed a great deal by western television crews, has used his high office and appointed himself head of one of the city's first commercial banks. Stankevich, an expert on the United States political system, is blissfully unaware of the phrase "conflict of interests".

Popov and Stankevich's decision to computerise the Moscow Soviet has led to political apathy. Visitors are amazed to see that while Moscow starves, a large section of its deputies spend all day playing computer games.

Recently it emerged that 14 registered lunatics had managed to get themselves elected to the soviet during the last elections. This is above the national average of 4 per cent.

The abysmal failure of the "radicals" has become a deeply sensitive issue in the liberal press. Three of our fearless editors — Burlatsky of the *Literary Gazette*, Korotich of *Ogonyok* and Yakovlev of *Moscow News* — have decided unofficially that criticism of Yeltsin is a forbidden zone. Even leading western figures such as Karl Popper and J.K. Galbraith are now warning the radicals not to go over the top in their desire to mimic the west. This message was hammered home a few weeks ago at a top-level conference here by your MP with the revolutionary eyebrows, Denis Healey.

One of our leading free-market mullahs, Academician Shatalin, was blithely blathering on to Healey about how he could create a capitalist paradise here in a thousand days. Healey politely asked Shatalin: "Do you have any idea of the social consequences of what you are proposing?" Replied Shatalin: "I am just an economist. I leave consequences to politicians." Roared Healey: "This is like the author of a sex manual telling us that he's never had intercourse!"

As if things here weren't bad enough, what with General Gromov being appointed the *de facto* minister of the interior, the news from the provinces is worse. Your correspondents in our city are so obsessed with the Baltics that they have not sent a single despatch home on the crazy nationalist leaders — Per Petrosan and Zgamsakhurdia — who are now running Armenia and Georgia respectively.

Both these men are proud of the fact that some of their own people refer to them as "little Mussolinis". In both these provinces there is press censorship, harassment and torture of all opposition and a virtual alliance with some of the worst criminal elements of the old Brezhnev days. Nationalism is turning out to be the first resort of a whole layer of scoundrels in our country, though to be fair, petty chauvinism has not affected the Moscow mafia.

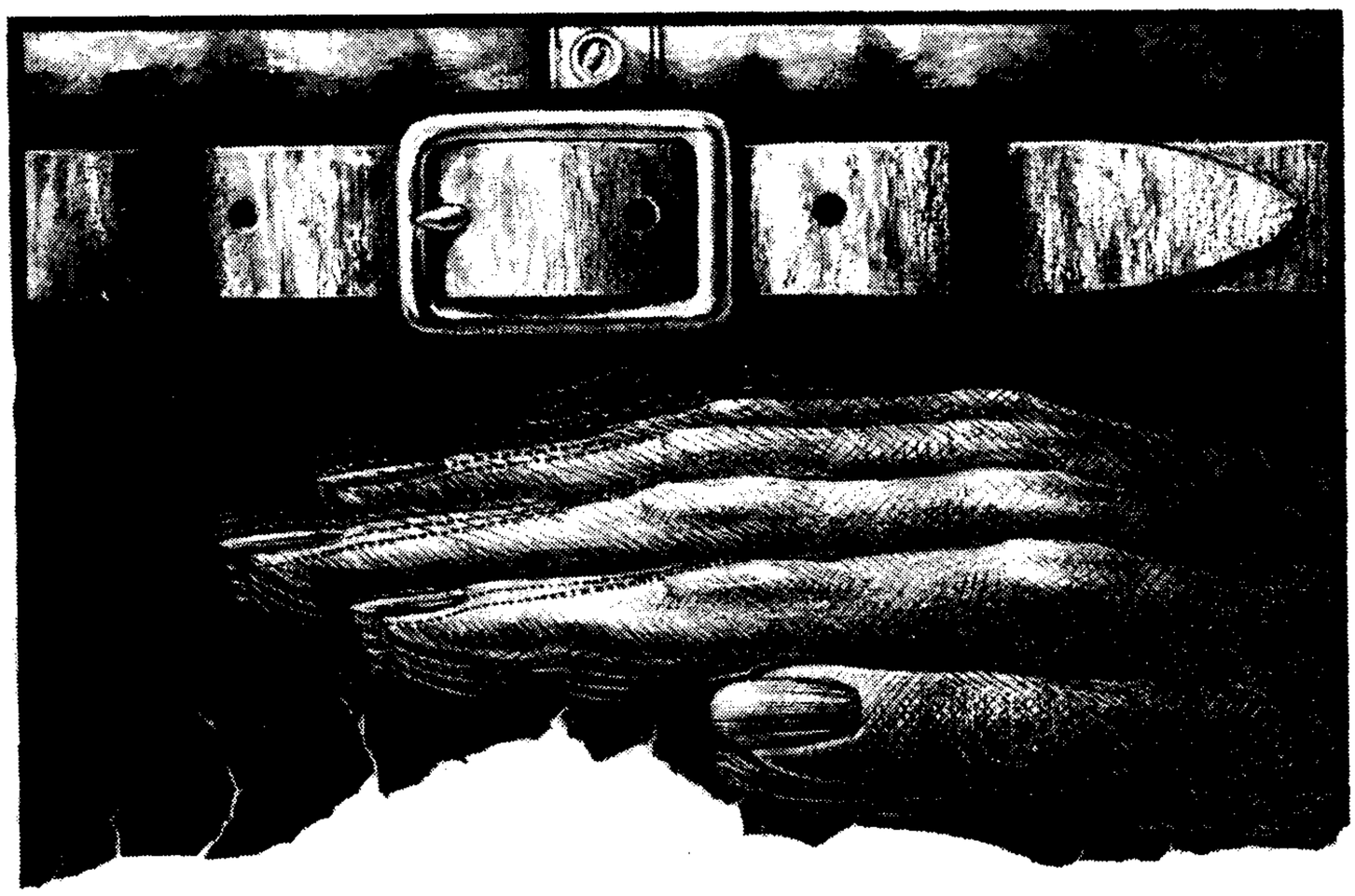
They are still employing — and paying in hard currency — lorry drivers from your East End of London whom they regard as especially reliable for special missions. These missions consist of driving to factories and removing vast quantities of tinned foodstuffs with the collaboration of the managers and the local militia.

For some reason the mafia bosses believe that cockney drivers are the best for this purpose. Perhaps this is a last remnant of a deformed internationalism.

CHRISTOPHER LOGUE'S

TRUE STORIES

ILLUMINATED BY BERT KITCHEN



DURING his interview, Mr George Arroyos, a Georgetown clerk, said: "I have always been keen on business efficiency. After some years at TIAB — the Texan agency that handles claims for compensation for workers — I suggested certain *improvements* in the filing system.

"I was told that they wouldn't work. So I invented an attachment that *did* work. Unfortunately this eliminated my job, and I am now looking for work."

INSPECTOR Johannes Koppel of the Pretoria Special Crimes Squad has issued the following statement:

"Mr Petar Cloone, a 77-year-old man with a history of arrests for indecent exposure, died after a further offence of the same kind during which a young woman patted his erection on the head."

MR T.T. YUNG, a waiter in a Chinese restaurant, told the Kendal magistrates: "Under normal circumstances I would never be rude to a policewoman. But when PC Gillian Petts began shouting at me and my three friends, saying that she would lock us up, I'm afraid I lost my temper."

PC Petts explained that while on patrol at 1am she saw Mr Yung and three friends standing by moonlight in the middle of the River Kent. Fearing for their safety she suggested that they come to the bank. Mr Yung replied that they were wildlife enthusiasts, and that this was the end of a normal working day at the Eatwell Restaurant.

"It was when I waded in after him and we all began to run downstream that matters took a turn for the worse," PC Petts concluded. Dismissed.

"THESE are the days in which new traditions are founded," said Mrs Burbee Jeejia, the owner and principal announcer of KNQT-FM Radio, Merry Mountains, Pa.

"In the past when couples strove for the blessing of parenthood they merely said 'We're trying', and changed the subject. But now, in response to the Breeders Cup competition promoted by KNQT-FM Radio, many couples have come forward to tell the whole world what they are doing and how often they are doing it in order to win prizes. On each Friday morning they are interviewed, they talk about their experiences, and then a doctor gives the woman a pregnancy test in a room off the studio. If it is a Big Yes, the couple get $100,000, a cot and six months' free nappy service."

AS PART of a special broadcast on Nigerian National Television, Mr Alhaji Y. Abubakar, the Chairman of Katsina State Government, said:

"By some serious error, on the occasion of our third successful year of government, an advertisement appeared on NNT which said IN KATSINA THE ENTERTAINMENT OF GUESTS IS OUR FIRST PRIORITY! *This is ridiculous. Our priorities are Water, Medicine, Education and Electricity."*

ON HIS release from prison after serving five years for his embezzlement of $21,000,000 from the Wells Fargo Bank, Mr Harold Rossfield Smith has been appointed chief financial advisor to Thomas Hearns, the great American boxer.

INFORMATION: Houston Chronicle, 14.11.90; Johannesburg Star, 14.11.90; Westmorland Gazette, 28.8.90; New York New York Newsday, 16.11.90; New Nigerian, 4.10.90; (no provenance).

MONITORS: John C. Knobelsdorf II, Brian Lawlor, Pat Ball, Noel Keenaghan, T.G. Boatman, Thomas E. Smith.

Great Bores Of Today.

"…so as you can imagine we're having to look for areas of retrenchment across the board a leaner fitter management profile all round with the emphasis on a streamlined middle echelon which is where you come in we're very grateful for your contribution really we're very appreciative if these were normal times you would be absolutely indispensable but regrettably in a climate of downturn tightening of budgets reassessment of the bottom line at the end of the day you're fired could you send the next one in please…"

The Secret DIARY OF JOHN MAJOR aged 47¾

Monday

Today was terrifically exciting, because they'd invited Norman and me to Covent Garden for a special gala show. When we were on the way in our big car Norman told me that it was a very special evening because it was to say goodbye to the biggest star of all time, who she only referred to as "La Stupenda". Imagine my surprise, when after some considerable period of waiting, the curtain came up and Mrs Thatcher was nowhere to be seen. Instead there was an Australian lady who everyone gave flowers to. I decided that I quite liked opera. *Home Sweet Home* is a very catchy tune.

Tuesday

What a lot of nonsense people are talking about this recession. Somebody was saying to me the

other day that things have got so bad there are no longer any advertisements in the newspapers. Well I spent a considerable period of time this morning looking at them — oh yes. And they were full of advertisements, nearly all of which were for a building society. They showed a picture of a man with grey hair and glasses. He is called Tessa, which is an odd name for a chap. The funny thing, as I said to Norman, when she was ironing my grey handkerchief (which I have to match my tie), the man in the advertisement looks quite like me. When my friend Chris Patten dropped in this morning to tell me about the latest opinion polls — down a bit, worse luck — I showed him the advertisement which I had cut out from several of the papers, and I said: "Surely this proves that things aren't as desperate as everyone says." But Chris gave me one of his funny looks and joked: "They must be pretty desperate if they're using a picture of you."

Wednesday

Very busy morning. I spent some considerable period of time looking round the office for an appropriate spot to pin up the Alliance and Leicester advertisement which proves that there is no such thing as a recession. I eventually decided to put it in between my favourite colour photo of Mrs Thatcher and the very nice calendar I was sent by the accountants Touche Waterhouse. This year they have had the clever idea of each month having a specially done watercolour of one of their main offices in different parts of the world. This month, which is January, they have their office in Hong Kong. I have to admit I've had a peek at some of the other months, and they are all a bit alike, even April which is the one in Kuwait.

Thursday

It is funny I mentioned Kuwait yesterday, because today I was told by Mr Hurd that I had to go there. Or at least quite near, to a place called Saudi Arabia. I have to go to talk to a lot of our soldiers to boost their morale. My friend Chris came in and said that if that was the idea, wouldn't it be better for me to stay at home!

Friday

During the morning I spent a considerable period of time in my favourite shop, Milletts. Mr Hurd had told me that if I was going to the desert, I would probably need a special protective suit. I said to him quite firmly, oh yes: "Don't be silly, Douglas, you can't wear a suit in the desert. It's far too hot. You have to wear something like a tee-shirt." Douglas can be awfully dense sometimes, considering that he went to a famous school! In the end I thought it prudent to take two tee-shirts, one of them grey and the other one grey. Who says when it comes to dress that I am not my own man!

Saturday

Here I am in the Gulf! I have had a terrific day. First I went in a tank. Then they took me in a helicopter. Then I went on a ship. I had to make a speech in front of lots of cameramen. I said to them: "Keep up the good work, lads. We are all behind you. That is what Mrs Thatcher would have wanted me to say." They were very pleased and gave three cheers for Mrs Thatcher, which I joined in. Oh yes. Who says she is a hard act to follow? I find it very easy. I've been doing it for years.

Monday

Back in Downing Street, postcode (don't forget) SW1 PLC. Mr Baker arrived just after the milkman. He looks quite different since he became Home Secretary. He has developed an American accent like a man in a film. They say people grow into their jobs — oh yes — but Mr Baker looked at least seven inches taller and has lost a lot of weight. And all this after not a very considerable period of time!

He said that we should mobilise British troops in the Gulf at once. I was quite miffed and told him it was nothing to do with him. There was only one person who could make that sort of decision — and that was Mr Bush.

THE Sun

WE FLY OUT THE PAGE THREE GIRLS!

KILL A TOWELHEAD AND WIN A TRIP TO DISNEYWORLD

THE SCENT OF VICTORY

A CRACKING SOCCER STORY FOR BOYS!

TOP MARKETING TEAM BRUT PLC ARE TRAILING BADLY MID-SEASON AND THE FANS ARE NON TOO HAPPY...

BRUT SHAREHOLDERS' MEETING

RUBBISH!

POO! BOO!

SACK THE MANAGER!!

...AND PENSION OFF EX-STAR SIGNING HENRY "OUR 'ENRY" COOPER!!

AND IT GETS WORSE...

OH NO! NOW THE LADS FROM DENIM HAVE CAUGHT US NAPPING AND SLIPPED IN A NEW RANGE OF EAU DE TOILETTES FOR MEN!

MARKETING SKILLS!

GRUNT FOR GUYS

GREAT, MOVE FROM THE FLASHY FRAGRANCE FLOGGERS!

AND WORSE...

I DON'T BELIEVE IT! WE'RE BEING HUMILIATED BY THE LITTLE FANCIED OLD SPICE PRODUCT DEVELOPMENT DYNAMOS!

STREWTH! LOOK AT THAT! A CONTINENTAL STYLE HAIR GEL AND MOUSTACHE CONDITIONER PACK!

COME ON YOU TOILETRY REQUISITE WIZARDS!

EASY! EASY!

IN THE BRUT BOARDROOM...

WE'RE THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE MASCULINE BODY CARE SECTOR. THIS CALLS FOR FRESH THINKING.

I KNOW LETS GET...ANOTHER CELEBRITY!

HOORAY! A BRILLIANT CREATIVE HOTSHOT FROM ADMAN GREG!

GREAT HOTSHOT CREATIVE GREG!

LATER...

CONTRACT

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS. I AM PROUD TO ANNOUNCE BRUT'S STAR SIGNING FOR THE 1990'S :- PAUL GASCOIGNE BETTER KNOWN AS...

...THAT OVEREXPOSED GEORDIE BORE.

POP!

PRESS

YOU'LL NEVER WEAR COLOGNE

WHY DO YOU LIKE WEARING BRUT, GAZZA?

IT MEANS NO MORE MAN-TO-MAN MARKING. NOW NO-ONE COMES WITHIN 10 YARDS!

GASP!

AN OWN GOAL FROM THE BABYFACED BE-TEARED BRAND IDENTIFIER!

FOOK OFF!

AND ANOTHER!

PWOR!

ETC... ETC...

NEXT WEEK: BRUT SIGN SADDAM HUSSEIN!

Bush ultimatum: Get your troops out or we'll do nothing

by Our Baltic Staff
S. Tonia

WASHINGTON last night issued a terse ultimatum to President Gorbachev: "If you think you can get away with occupying by force a tiny, independent country like Lithuania, you're absolutely right."

A grim-faced Mr Gorbachev replied by sending thousands of paratroops and tanks into the Baltic States. "This was," he said, "the only way to preserve democracy."

Vytautis Landsbergis is 49.

Rushdie — renewed calls for fatwah

by Our Islamic Staff
Alan Koran, Minaret Marin and Allah Watneys

THE long-running saga of controversial novelist Salman Rushdie, author of *The Satanic Verses*, took another dramatic twist yesterday when there were renewed calls for the fatwah declared against him by the late Ayatollah Khomeini "to be implemented immediately".

The calls came from Dr Youssef Mohammed Ali Akhbar Islam ben Muslimwallah (formerly the novelist Mr Salman Rushdie), speaking from a secret television studio in London.

The recently converted Dr Muslimwallah explained that, as a devout Muslim, he was deeply offended by certain chapters in his own book, which he described as "a blasphemy against all that is sacred in Islam and a crime against Allah".

He called the author "lower than the dogs" and declared that it was his solemn duty to kill himself at once.

"There is no possible forgiveness," he said, "and there is no point in Mr Rushdie trying to hide."

"I will catch you in the end," he told himself. "The game is up."

Cat Stevens is 45.

New row over A-Level set books

by our Core Curriculum Staff
A.B.C. Dee

A MAJOR row erupted last night over the set books announced for next year's English A-Level examinations.

The books include *Spotty Dog Goes To The Beach*, *Postman Pat Goes To The Toilet* and *A Is For Apple, B Is For Bear*.

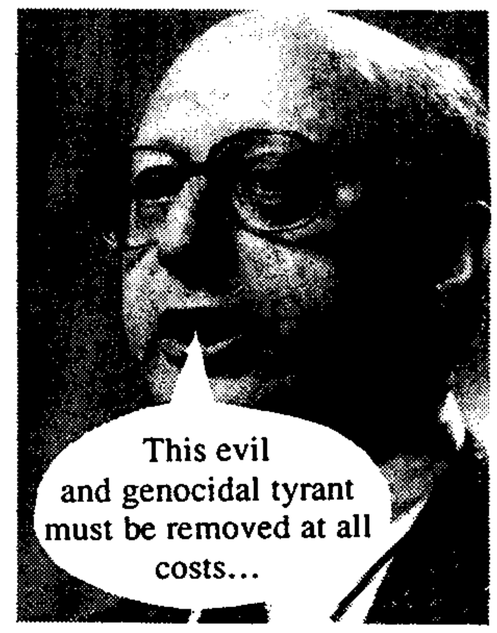
These replace last year's choices, *Middlemarch*, *Volpone* and *Paradise Lost*.

Cor! Phew! What A Curriculum

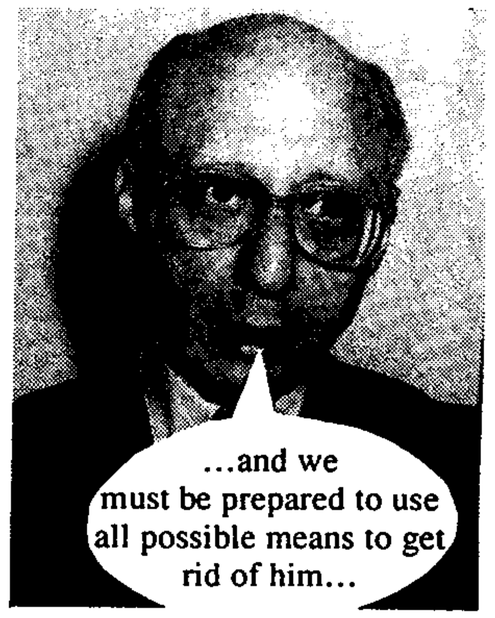
A government spokesman denied that the new A-Level choices reflect a "drop in standards". He said: "These books are much more relevant to the lives of today's school students. We are not looking simply for the ability to read, but to develop inter-personal communications skills such as the ability to turn the pages and look at the pictures. We regard the specially-selected new texts as a vital resource in tomorrow's on-going educational strategies for the 1990s."

St Cake's

Gazza Term opens today. There are 1016 boys in the school and 869 gays *(shurely 'girls'? Ed)*. A.J.P. de la Billiere (Challenger's) is Captain of Tanks. Miss Ninja Turtle (Mutants) is Senior Vestal. Mr J.R. Core-Curriculum has been appointed Head of Oral Skills. The Rev P.L.R. Fruitjuice, the School Chaplain. has been featured on the BBC's *That's Life* and is facing serious criminal charges. His place is taken by Sam 'Alleluia' Cashcard, of the 7th Church of American Expressologists. The Term Play will be *Bookends* by Ned Sherrin (McKellen's 1951-56) in the Sir Jack Lyons Drama and Business Centre. Nadir's will be run over Polly's Peck on 23 March. Confirmation (sponsored by Nissan UK) will be administered in the School Worship Centre by the Suffragan Bishop of Milwaukee, the Rev Tammy-Lou Fluejab. Recessions will take place on 4 April, and Major Term begins on 5 May. This year's Old Cakeian Golf Tournament will be staged at the NatWest Leisure Complex, Brockley Park (M1 exit 12). For entry details contact T.J.R. Chilprufe (Linkages 1943-44) at 412 Lamont Avenue, Billericay.



August



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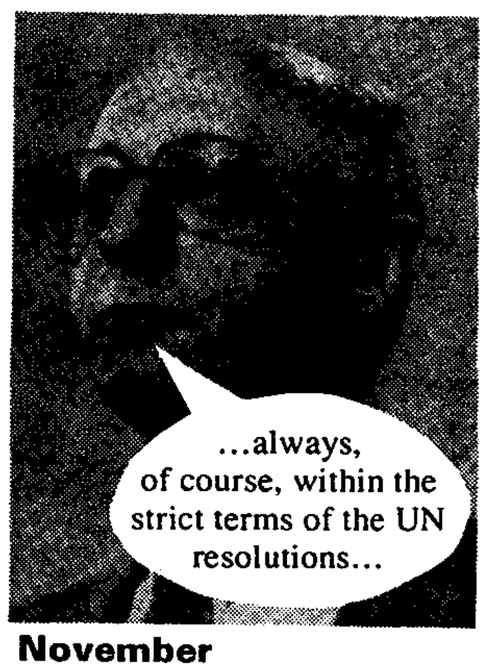
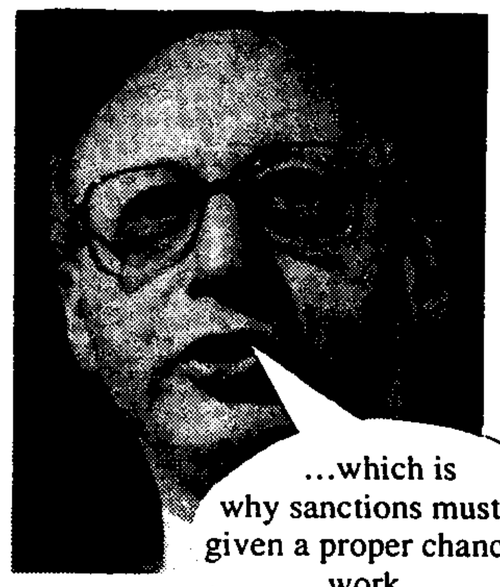


November



December

Now

GLENDA SLAGG

Fleet Street's Scud Missile!!

BETTY GRABLE

● SO it's all right to strangle your hubby if he's been a-snugglin' and a-hugglin' with your twin sister!?! Why stop there, love?! Why not get your hands round the throat of your two-timing twin as well??!?

As Aunty Glenda always says, what's sauce for the goose is goose for the panda!!?! *(Where were you at lunch? Ed)*

○ HATS off to Princess Anne!!?! At last she's shown that the Royal Family has entered the twentieth century!!?!

Not for her a sham marriage of two unhappy people living a lie! She's coughed up her whack and got shot of Captain Fog (wet and thick, remember?) for keeps.

Good on yer, Ma'am?!? Come on, Diana, now it's your turn!!?!

● *COME OFF it, Anne??!? You should be ashamed of yerself!? Forking out 250,000 smackeroos to get rid of yer unwanted hubby when the money could have bought a thousand beds for starving toddlers in Africa??!?*

No offence, Ma'am, but you make me sick!!?!

○ SEE the new *Twin Peaks*? Neither did I!! Twin Peakzzzzz...

Glenda's New Year Diet

● I say, let's all wage a dessert war!?! (Geddit?) Cut out those fattening puds at mealtimes and eat twenty Twix between drinks!?? It never did me any harm!!? 'Scuse me, Mr Skin 'n' Bones, there's twenty stone of luvable lard a-comin' through the revolvin' doors!!?! *(You're fired — Ed.)*

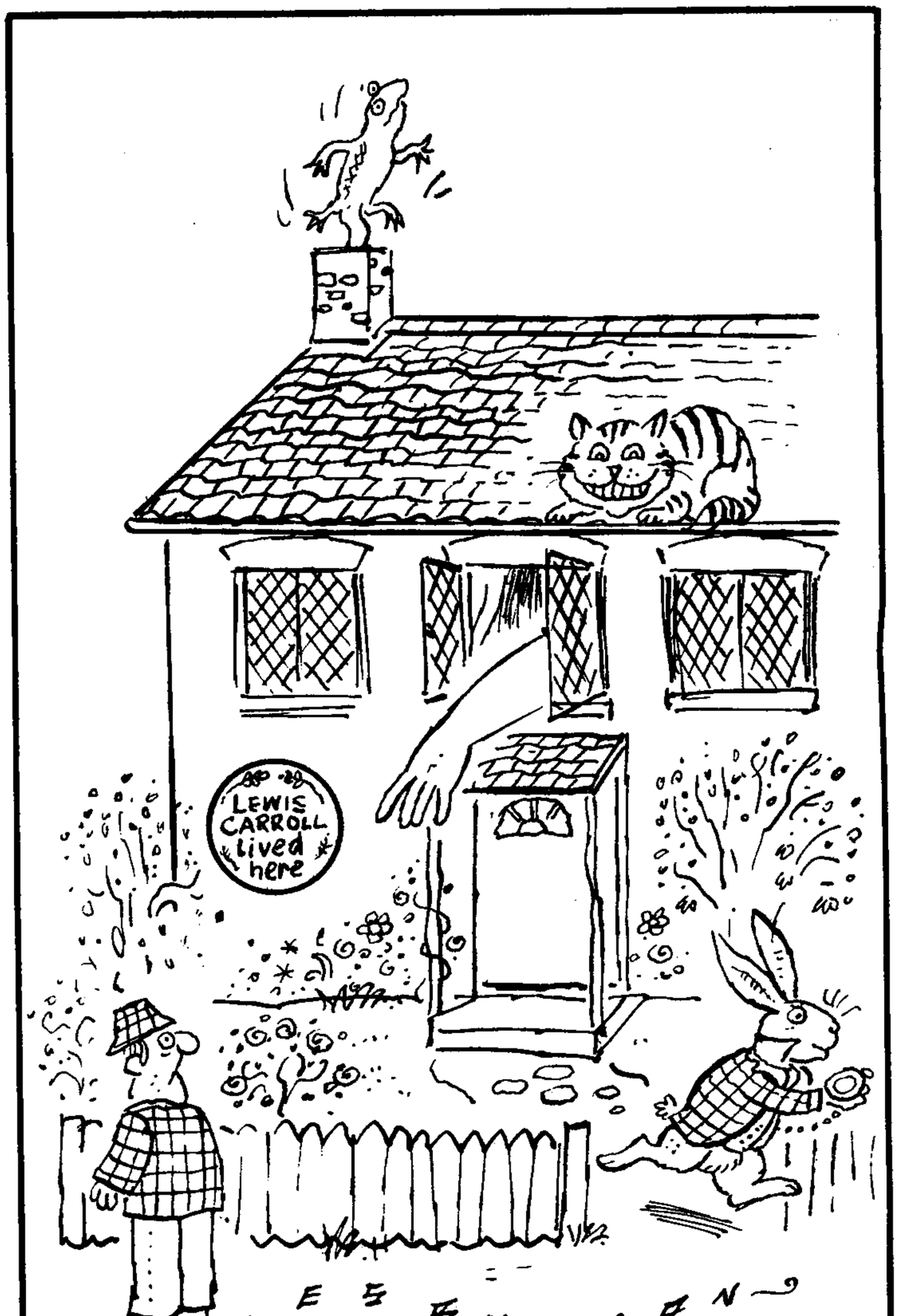
★ HERE they are — Glenda's Sizzlers!

"Stormin' Norman" Schwarzkopf — he's leadin' the US forces?! But he wouldn't have to force me!!?! Mmmm...

Luxembourg's **Mr Poos** — with his silky hair and delicate diplomatic touch, I say this Euro go-between is the man for me?!? Care for a little "linkage", big boy?!?

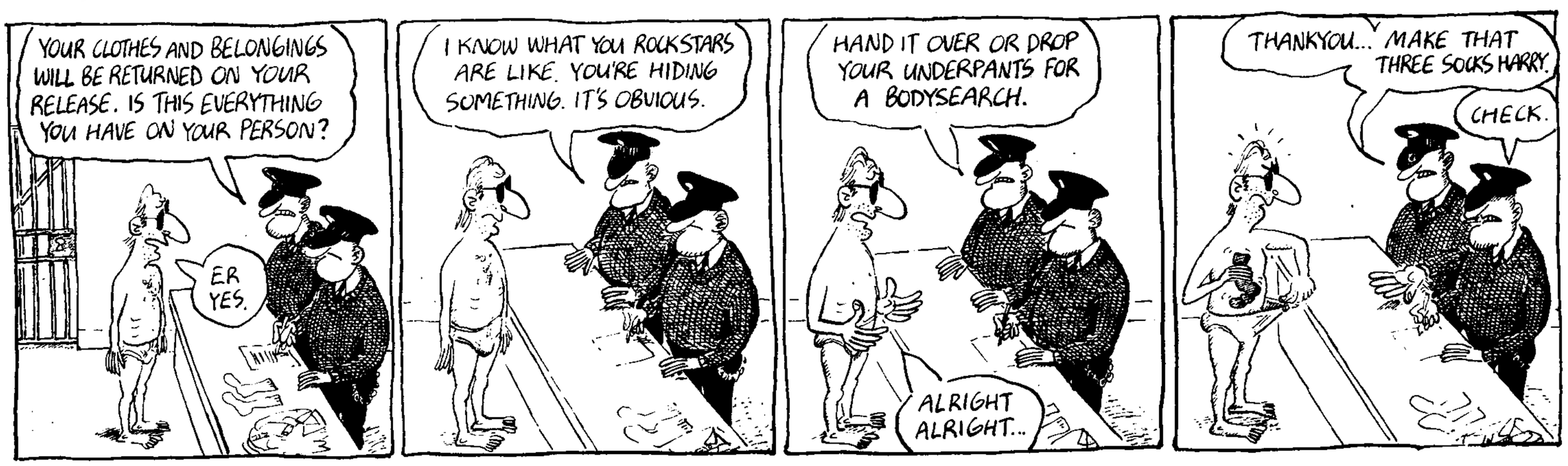
Vytautus Landsbergis — crazy name, crazy guy!?!

Byeeeee!



Celeb

LIGGER


YOUR CLOTHES AND BELONGINGS WILL BE RETURNED ON YOUR RELEASE. IS THIS EVERYTHING YOU HAVE ON YOUR PERSON?
ER YES.
I KNOW WHAT YOU ROCKSTARS ARE LIKE. YOU'RE HIDING SOMETHING. IT'S OBVIOUS.
HAND IT OVER OR DROP YOUR UNDERPANTS FOR A BODYSEARCH.
ALRIGHT ALRIGHT...
THANKYOU... MAKE THAT THREE SOCKS HARRY.
CHECK.

HEIR OF SORROWS

BY

SYLVIE KRIN

THE STORY SO FAR: Charles is inspecting his own regiment in the Gulf — the 14th Royal Homeopathic Lancers, known as "The Green Berries" (shurely 'Berets'? Ed).

Now read on...

THROUGH the window of the B107 Sikorski-Maxwell Sea Ditch helicopter, Charles looked down at the geometrical rows of tents, tanks and all the paraphernalia of war laid out on the scorching desert sands.

Charles felt a surge of excitement course through his veins. To be here as Commander-in-Chief as it were at the front line on the eve of war was terrifically... er... sort of thingie... war was appalling of course, but even so... He knew then how his ancestors must have felt in days of yore: King Egbard the Unreliable, as he faced the Ostrogoths at the Battle of Massingberd in 1187... Prince Cedric the Gay on his white charger inspecting the English bowmen before the Battle of Piat d'Or... And, most of all, he recalled the famous picture that had hung in his bedroom throughout his childhood, the work of Sir Jocelyn Stevens RA — THE SIEGE OF ARAFAT, showing the Crusaders engaged in bloody combat with the infamous Abdul ben Wedgwood, led by King Richard the Leopardskin.

How different it was today, and yet how much the same.

As the helicopter landed on a small strip of red carpet held down by dusty squaddies, Charles saw himself in that moment as perhaps the one who should be leading the thin red line against the mighty hordes of Saddam.

A blast of hot air hit him full in the face as the helicopter door opened and the makeshift band of the amalgamated 17th/21st Glenfiddich Hosepipers struck up the traditional Scottish air *Awa' Wi' Ye, Ye Daft Loon*, first played at the burial of Bonny Prince Charlie in 1783 on the remote island of Mogg.

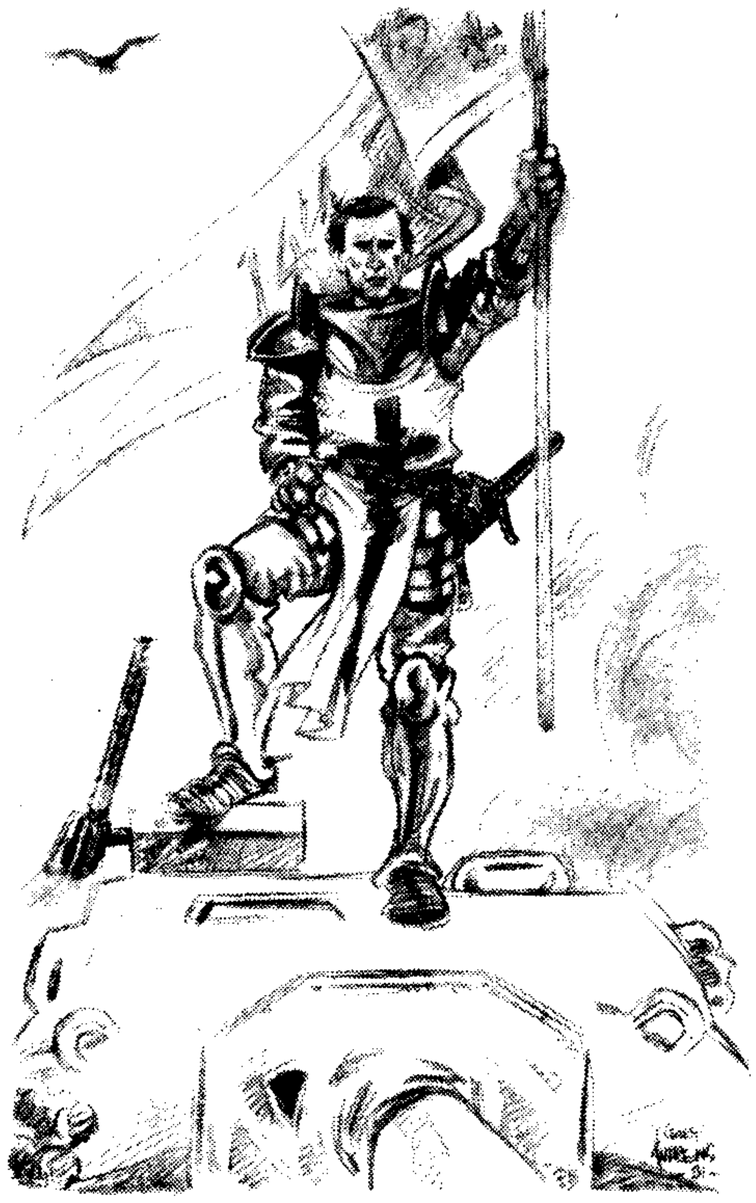
"Welcome to Towelhead Camp." The tanned boyish figure of General de Billiardball saluted smartly and clicked his immaculately polished bootheels. "Good flight?"

Charles returned the fresh-faced general's salute, and fell immediately into the military patois that he remembered from his time in the Junior Cadet Force at Gordonstoun under the command of Major Alfredo Stroessner.

"A-1. Top-hole. Sunray. Wilco."

The young general eyed him quizzically. "We thought you might like to have a whirl in one of our new Thatcher Mark II battle tanks before Yorkie break at 0900 hours, Sir. Not too much for you, I hope, Sir?"

Charles agreed enthusiastically and the two men marched purposefully towards the huge machine, newly camouflaged on the instructions of the MoD in



a shade of bright green to deceive the wily sons of the desert.

A young corporal was sitting astride the gun barrel smoking a cigarette and reading a censored copy of the *Sun* newspaper.

As they approached the man got to his feet and helped Charles, along with the general, into the tank's cockpit.

Charles gasped at the formidable array of technology which made up the control panel inside.

"Don't let all those gadgets put you off, Sir. She's really a piece of cake. You sit here in the driver's seat and take her around the block."

Charles had scarcely placed his hands on the steering levers when the tank roared into life.

It was true. It really *did* sort of drive itself. Amazing things, these computers...

WITHIN minutes the camp was behind them and they were alone in the vastness of the desert. Charles was exhilarated as he felt the mighty machine plough across the dunes like some throbbing mechanical Leviathan. At last he understood what his friend and mentor Sir Laurens van der Post had been getting at when he wrote in his book *Jeddah On $100 A Day*: "The camel may be the ship of the desert, but the ship is never the camel of the sea."

How true that was, particularly when one was sort of here in the middle of it all.

As he steered the tank with what seemed like no effort at all, Charles's thoughts turned again to his warrior forebears. It was all in the blood, it really was, and here in this tank he knew that he also could lead the troops to victory. In his mind there flashed a huge oil painting, possibly by himself if he worked on it: there astride a tank was Charles, holding the colours of the Regiment aloft whilst the bedraggled hordes of the Iraqis fled in terror at his advance. And there was Saddam underneath the tank, begging for mercy. And on the frame in gold lettering was the legend: CHARLES THE BRAVE AT THE BATTLE OF KUWAIT 1991. If only he could stay...

"IF ONLY you could stay, Sir. It would be a terrific tonic for the men," said the youthful general as they walked away from the tank towards the Officers' Mess, a multi-coloured tent distinguished only by the sign "Keep Out. No Other Ranks".

Charles glowed. "Well, perhaps something could be arranged. At the very least I could obviously drive a tank."

He allowed himself an immodest smile at the thought of his rather impressive maiden performance at the controls of the awesome Thatcher battle tank.

Inside the tent Charles warmed to his theme of leadership as an orderly brought them non-alcoholic gin and tonics.

"It's a young man's job really, war, isn't it?"

The general looked into his glass. "Oh, I wouldn't say that, Sir. I think the older man such as yourself still has quite a lot to offer."

There was an awkward silence in the tent. What on earth did the general mean?

Outside the flimsy canvas walls the silence was broken by the sound of voices.

"Yeah. A real berk. He thought he was driving it. Taffy was down below the whole time. There's one born every minute."

There was much laughter and another voice joined in.

"He can't even ride a horse without falling off. We're hardly going to let him loose in a tank. They cost millions."

"Drink all right, Sir?" asked the general, reddening. "Sorry I can't offer you anything stronger. You look as though you could do with it..."

(To be continued)

Top gays lash other top gays over gay knight shocker

by Our Gay Staff
Screaming Lord Butch

HUNDREDS of gays yesterday attacked each other over claims that leading gay activist Sir Ian Mackellen-Terry was the first ever gay knight of the theatre.

In a letter to the *Independent*, ten leaders of Britain's gay community, headed by the Father of British satire, Mr Ned Twinky, pointed out that many other famous gays had been honoured in past years, including Sir John Gielgud, Sir Noel Coward, Dame Ethel Smythe and Sir Gay Rachmaninov, the well-known Russian-born composer.

1001 Gay Knights

Among the signatories to the shock letter were some of the most famous names in British showbusiness, including Melanie Carbuncle of *EastEnders*, Monty Moonshine, formerly of the *That's Life* programme, classical actor Robert Resting and *'Allo 'Allo* star Willy Rees-Mogg *(shurely shome mishtake? Ed.)*

The letter was immediately attacked by top gay activist Cedric Spart who, in a letter to the *Grauniad*, hit out at "this pathetic bunch of gay Uncle Toms (believed to be a reference to the late Lord Bradwell) who have totally sold out in the hope of being honoured themselves — e.g. Sir 'Ned' Twinky, 'Lord' St John Steven Fry etc — instead of bravely carrying the gay fight into every corner of the land."

But last night an unrepentant Twinky lashed back, hailing the knighthood for Sir Quentin Crisp as "the dawn of a new era in which every gay can hold his head up high as a truly legitimate member of the aristocracy".

Sir Francis Bacon is 106.

AN EYE EXCLUSIVE

How the image-makers changed John Major

TODAY, more than ever, the world's leading politicians rely on the image-makers to present them in what they call in the trade "the most marketable possible persona".

Just as Mrs Thatcher sought the advice of the Saatchis and Tim Bell to reshape her whole personality, so John Major has followed her example to reshape his.

Mrs Thatcher changed her hair, her teeth, her voice, her clothes — in fact, the 'seventies model bore no resemblance at all to the Thatcher of the 'eighties.

The *Eye* can exclusively reveal that John Major too has quietly been entirely refashioned in preparation for his Prime Ministership in the '90s.

Under the expert guidance of top PR and image consultants Looksgood plc of Richmond High Street, John Major has undergone a dramatic transformation, as our pictures reveal.

We spoke to Mr Gavin at Looksgood, who told us:

"We have worked very hard to produce the John Major you see today.

"Before we got to him he was a walking disaster. Politically, he was a no-hoper. Sandra, my assistant, put her finger on it when she said that in the bad old days he was far too interesting.

"It's been hell, but I think we're now all very pleased with what we have achieved with John in such a short time."

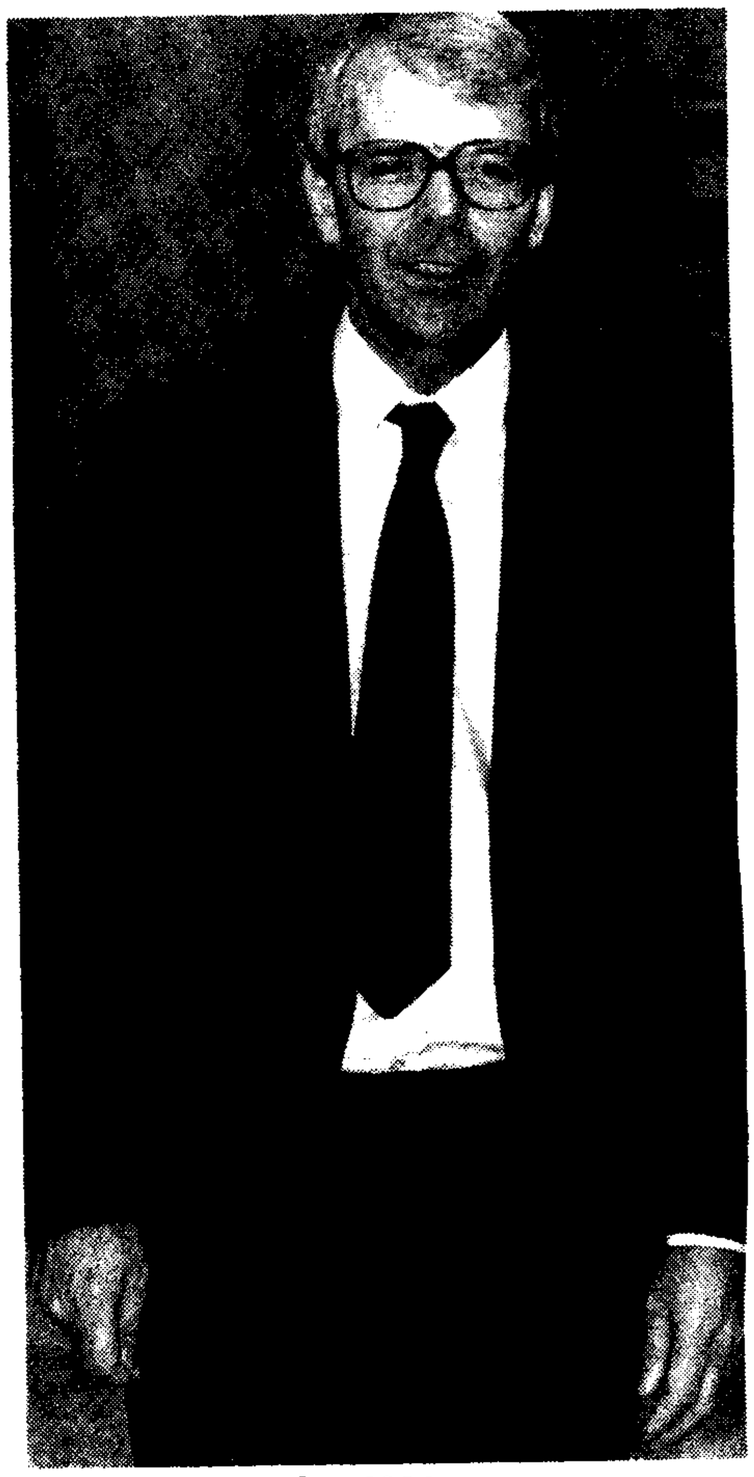
John Major is 47.

June 1985

● Out goes the *Miami Vice* look.

● Out go the Armani suits, the Rayban sunglasses, the designer stubble and the immaculately gelled hair.

● Out go the silk shirts with no tie, the Italian moccasins and the Rolex Oyster.



Jan 1991

● In come glasses from Boots optical counter, suits from Marks & Spencer, shirts from Hornes, shoes from Millets and tie from his mother last Christmas.

● In comes grey-tinged hair, grey socks from his aunt the Christmas before, and Swatch from the London City Airport Duty-Free Shop.

TV HIGHLIGHTS

Now Switch Over

The BBC's annual exercise in increasing ITV's viewing figures, introduced by Dame Enid Rancid OBE

(Shot of ghastly woman with teeth in village hall)

RANCID: Hello and welcome to *Now Switch Over*, our annual shareholders' meeting, where you, the viewers, have the chance to see if you're getting good value for your licence fee by giving me half of it *(gives ghastly smile)*. But, first, here's the Chairman of the BBC, Sir Marmaduke Gussett, who has something very important to say.

GUSSETT: I'd like to say, first, that this programme is in no way an exercise in back-patting by the BBC. Secondly, I'm sure everyone in the whole country will want to join with me in offering our very warmest congratulations to the BBC's very own Enid Rancid on being made a Dame of the British Empire for her wonderful work in getting old ladies to show their knickers on television.

(Standing ovation from audience, as trumpeters play fanfare and millions of poppies are released from ceiling)

RANCID *(reading from autocue):* Thank you, thank you. I had no idea that this was going to happen. But now, without any more ado, let me introduce our panel of grey men who are going to answer questions from a specially selected audience of morons. On my left, Sir Marmaduke. Sitting to his right, the Director-General, Mr Michael Chequebook. On my left is the new Head of Radio 7, Mr David Hatchback. Next to him is the Head of Arts and Recreational Documentaries, Ms Jenny Yentob. And, lastly, the Head of Local Regional Network Programming, whose name none of us can remember. Now, could I have the usual boring question about the elderly? I think, sir, you're the one we've given the question to this year.

SENIOR CITIZEN WITH BEARD: As the Chair of the Droitwich and District Outreach For The Elderly Project, may I first congratulate Esther on her wonderful honour! *(More poppies released from ceiling)* But, seriously, could I ask the panel why there are no programmes on television or radio which deal with the ever-growing problems which confront Britain's senior citizens?

CHECKLAND: May I jump in here, and say at once that we at the BBC have taken this one very seriously on board. We are looking into it and going down the road to meet it halfway.

HATCHBACK: I wonder if the gentleman has listened to our programme *Where's My Zimmer?* where we deal on a regular basis with the whole range of problems that the deaf have to cope with.

QUESTIONER: No, I haven't heard that one. I can't afford the licence fee, and anyway I don't watch the BBC. I've got better things to do with my time.

JENNY YENTOB: Can I just say that my department covers this kind of subject matter very thoroughly. I am thinking of programmes like *Speak Up, I'm Deaf, I Can't Find My Specs* and *AIDS — Are The Over-90s At Risk?* which only last week dealt very fully and frankly with the problems confronting Asian teenagers in coming to terms with a multi-pluralist society.

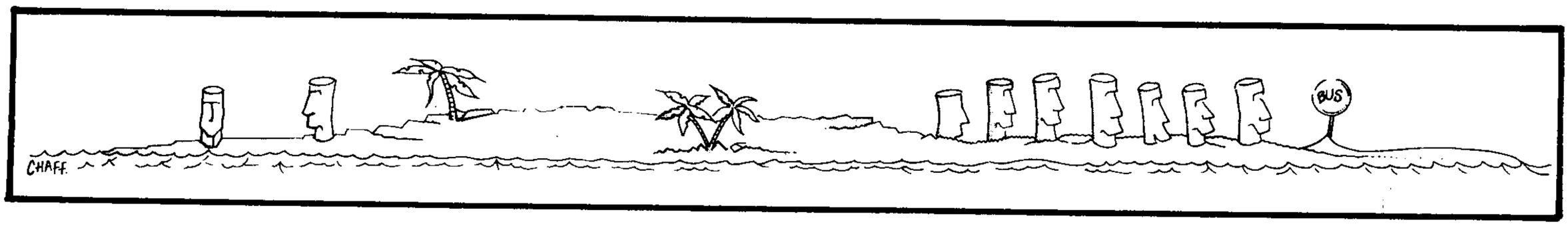
DAME ENID: So I think you'll agree that the BBC's more or less got things right. And now, for our next question, can I come to the lady in the back row who wants to ask a question about sporting programmes for the disabled?

WOMAN: May I say first how pleased we all are in the gay and lesbian community at the news of Esther's honour? *(Another fanfare of trumpets. More poppies shower from ceiling)* What I want to ask the distinguished panel is why are there so few programmes for fanatical Muslims like myself? I mean, I know you've got *Hatterjee's Half Hour* on Radio Birmingham, but for those of us who've got the bloodlust it's not enough.

CHECKLAND: We are taking this very seriously. The BBC must recognise the fact that many of its listeners are Fundamentalist Muslims who want to kill Salman Rushdie, and it is important in a multi-cultural society that our programmes should reflect every shade of opinion across the board and down this road.

HEAD OF REGIONAL NETWORK PROGRAMMING: There are now fifty per cent more women working locally in features documentaries than there were in 1983, which I think shows how seriously we are taking minority sports on Radio 5. I wonder, for instance, whether the questioner has listed to *Disabled Grandstand*, which reports regularly on sporting events for the Chinese community.

JENNY BOTNEY: That's why it's absolutely vital



that we continue to give airspace to genuinely popular mass-appeal shows like Bruce Forsyth. It's all very well for minority interests to bleat on about how their particular elitist programmes aren't being made, when the vast majority of licence-payers are ordinary people who just want garbage every night.

HATCHBACK: I would just like to say that we at the BBC are taking all these points very seriously on board. In fact we've got a whole series of three-day seminars lined up at some of the best country house hotels in Britain to really thrash out an in-depth perspective on whether it was right to move *Woman's Hour* from the VHF frequency to the new LW stereo frequency, which I know some of you in the Grampian area are finding very hard to pick up. But we're having another seminar on that, just after the one on Cost-Cutting In Senior Management Areas which I am particularly excited about, as it is at the Manoir de Quat' Channels, where they serve a quite wonderful Roast Moorhen in Marmalade Sauce.

RANCID *(grinning coyly):* Well, I'm sure that our Chairman will be very interested in that!

GUSSET *(wakes up):* Well, I think that proves that, even though a few very silly people may occasionally try to criticise us, the BBC in general is doing an utterly first-rate and splendid job on every front across the board. And now, Esther, I can't let you go without saying how delighted we all are that you should have been honoured by Her Majesty the Queen for the really wonderful way in which you showed the nation rudely shaped parsnips and demonstrated what quality television is all about.

(Final fanfare and cascade of poppies as Archbishop Runcie places crown on head of Queen Esther, while board of governors and management place bags of gold around her feet)

MEDIA WATCH

HUNDREDS OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES TO BE LAUNCHED NEXT WEEK

by Our Media Staff
Jane Thynne-Stuff

THOUSANDS of Americans, many of them called Lee Harvey Eisenhower, flew into London this week to launch glossy magazines aimed at the lifestyle market.

Leading the exciting new wave is the American magazine **Esquimo,** a successful Manhattan quarterly which now aims to capture the British sector.

Today I spoke to their Editor-in-Chief, Lee Harvey Proctor, at his open-plan Soho offices.

"We're very optimistic that the British male in his 30s to 40s will be looking to **Esquimo** as an intelligent guide to the nineties modes of personal development, incorporating a lot of adverts for suits", he told me.

The launch issue of **Esquimo** will include the following exciting features:

- **A profile of Griff Rhys-Jones in which he exclusively reveals where he buys his suits.**
- **Where to eat in Soho and who's wearing what in the restaurants.**
- **Jeremy Irons on life, love and suits.**
- **Another profile of Griff Rhys-Jones.**

"The formula is obviously a winner," says Jerry Lee Einstein III, but his rivals in the field, the well established **GHQ** magazine disagree. Editor Alex VerMuellen-Asshole was quick to rubbish his American competitor.

"Their launch issue is pathetic," he said. "Look what we've got in ours."

- **Claus von Bulow — where does he get his suits?**
- **Griff Rhys-Jones on the restaurants of Soho.**
- **Jeremy Irons talks to Griff Rhys-Jones about his favourite suits.**
- **Man of the month Dominic Lawson.**

"I think that says it all," say Vermoolah confidently.

Tina Brown Nose

Meanwhile plans for the launch party of **Vanity Publishing** are proceeding apace.

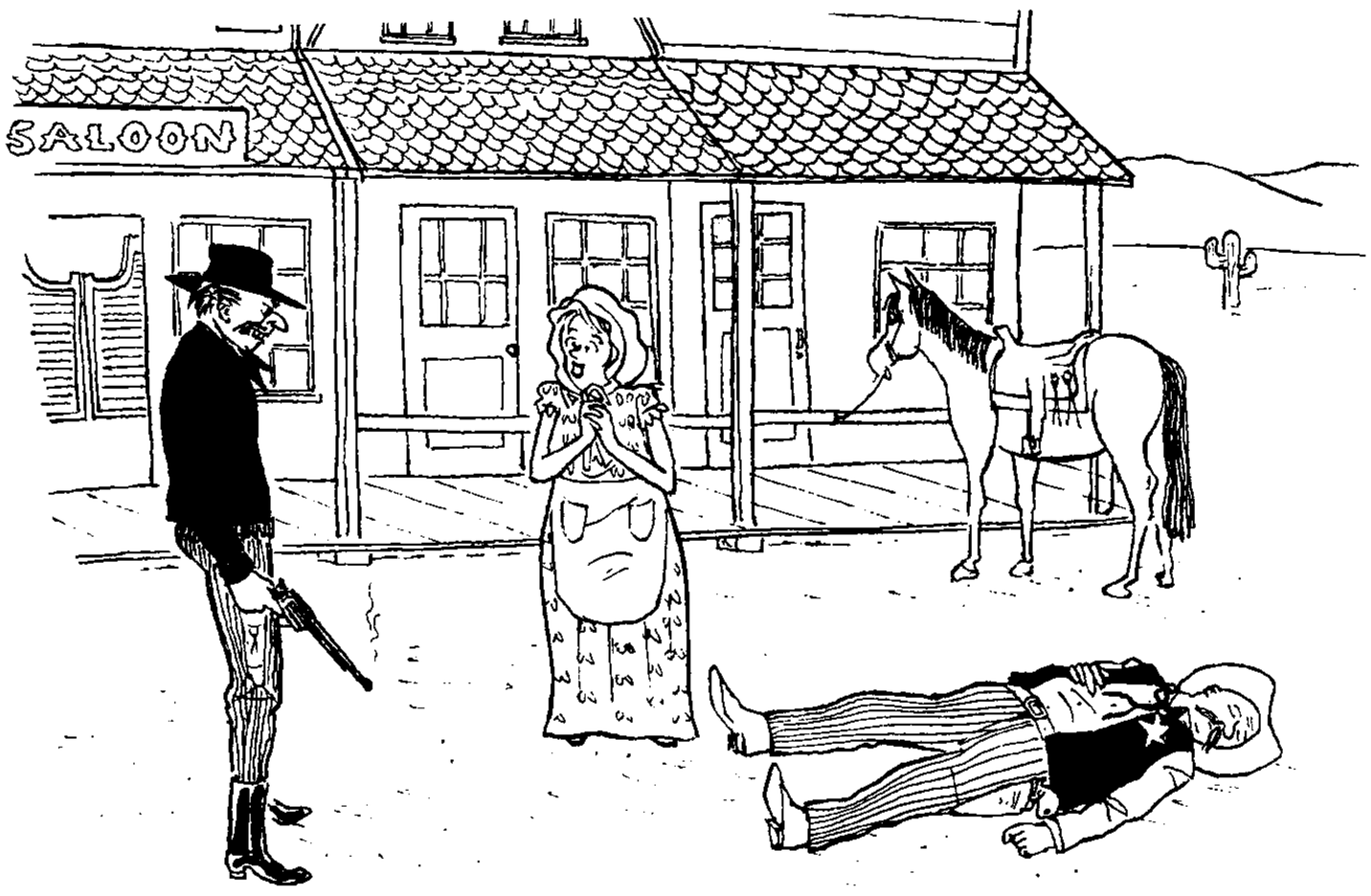
The incredibly successful Manhattan-based magazine has had a brilliant idea. "We have decided to produce a British edition which is exactly the same as the American one," says Editress Tina Barg.

"We believe the British readers share the same interest in cosmopolitan life and leading edge new writing."

The first British issue contains the following amazing features:

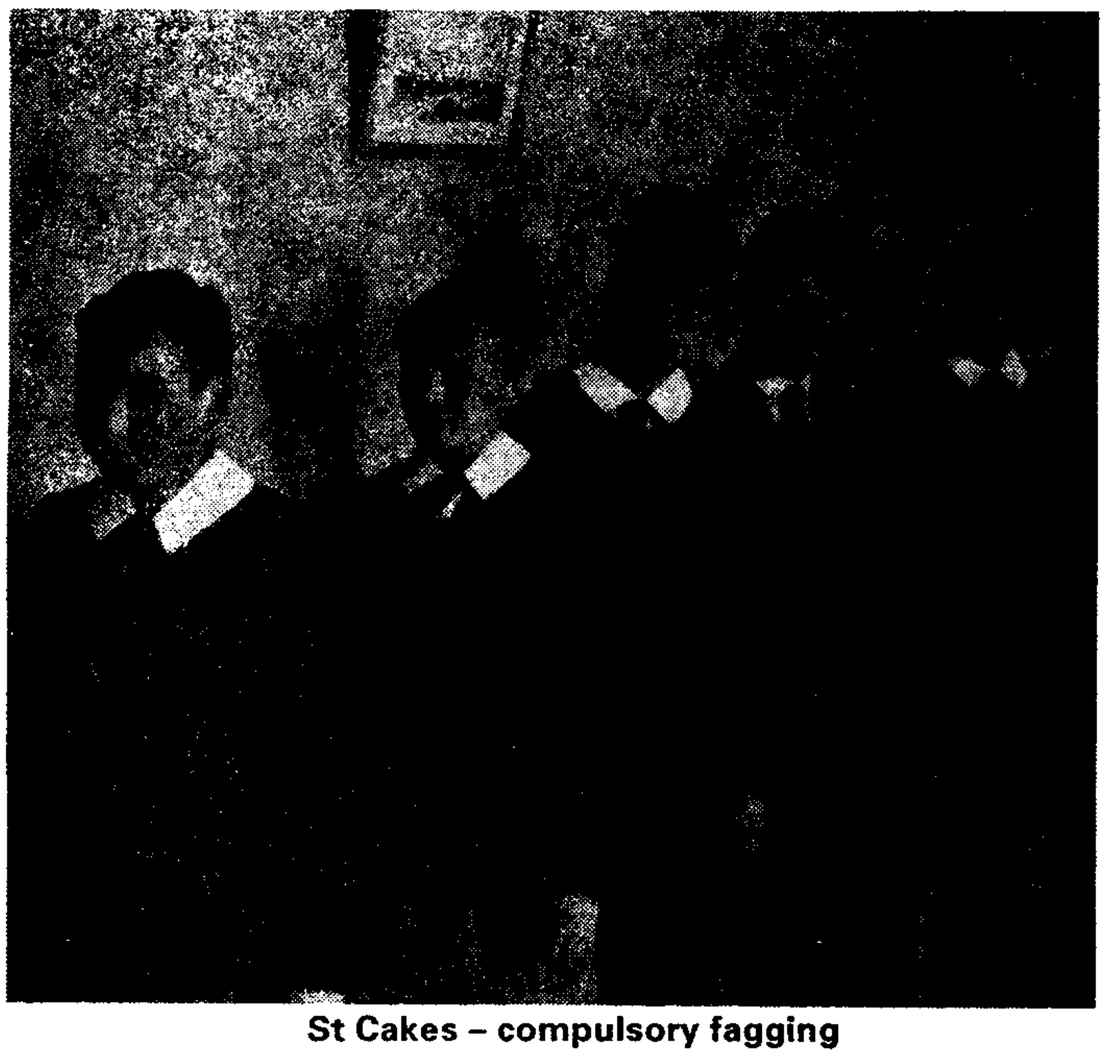
- **40-page profile of controversial New York author Jay "Bret" Macmoney.**
- **Interview with leading Hollywood agent Aaron J. Spellingburger, whose clients include Bratpack actors Michelle Pffruity and Rocky Ryan II.**
- **The new Queen of 5th Avenue — Mrs Cornelia Vandertrump, the legendary Manhattan hostess whose regular party guests include tycoon Milt Shakenvacker, top socialites Tom and Jerry Hype, and the Editor of *Speye* magazine Graydon Goldsmith.**

"These are all people of huge interest to the British public," said Tina Barg, "and there can be no better time to launch a glossy magazine than the middle of an advertising recession."



"Oooh, my anti-hero!"

Furore over St Cakes Childline



St Cakes – compulsory fagging

PLANS to introduce a special Childline telephone service into one of Britain's top public schools have been met with a chorus of disapproval by parents.

The new idea is the brainchild of Enid Rancid OBE, who has vowed "to establish a child abuse emergency service in every classroom in the UK". The service allows every child a direct line to a sympathetic ear to complain about abuse by members of staff or senior boys.

But the hotline in St Cakes School has not pleased the parents of the 5,972 boys and one girl who make up the current intake of Cakeians (as they are known).

Said one typical parent, who preferred to remain anonymous: "I spent a great deal of money sending my boy to St Cakes. I was assured that he would be given a traditional education, complete with sexual assault.

"Now it seems this woman is ruining my boy's chance of a decent start in life."

"They say the first quarrel is always the worst!"

MUSIC LOVERS!

GNOME MOZART ANNIVERSARY OFFER

1991 is a very special year. 200 years ago, the world's greatest composer, Wolfgang Amadeus String Quartet, was born in a tiny Greek fishing village near Vienna.

This year, as music lovers all over the world join in the celebration of the genius that is Mozart, you too can join in the Mozart Experience with this fabulous CD offer.

NIGEL KENNEDY PLAYS MOZART'S FOUR SEASONS

(accompanied by the Albanian State Radio Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Enver Hoxha)

FREE with every CD, a Genuine Hand-Crafted-Style Mozart TV Snack Table.

PLUS a chance to win a Cruise Holiday For Two in Mozart's Birthplace, the island of Mykonos.

Just answer the following simple question:

"How many seasons are there in Nigel Kennedy's famous composition The Four Seasons?"

Send cash only (£9.95 plus £312.99 p&p) to
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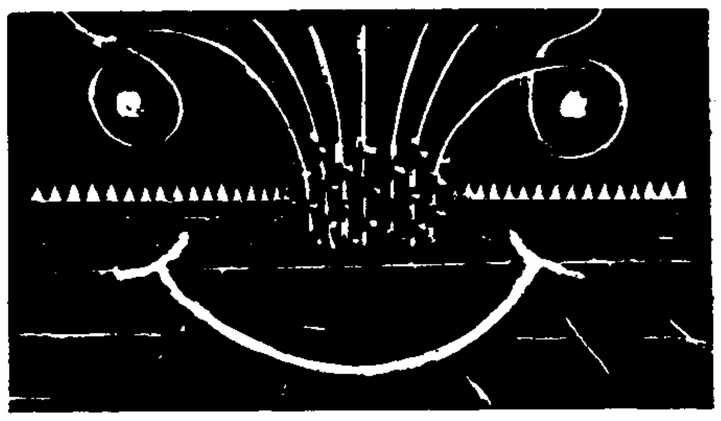
DIARY



MICK JAGGER

Okay, right. Yeah-hay! Let's get this show on the road, shall we? Whoooh! Action! The whole thing about this writing thing is that it's a totally different thing from the performing thing, right? I mean, the whole point of writing is that you want to convey your whole thing to the audience through words but you can't go na na na na na na na and make a song outtavit, can you? So what are you left with? W-O-R-D-S. Words. Like hundreds of butterflies, only less sort of fluttery and you see more of them about than you do butterflies.

I'm just a kid in a rock 'n' roll band and I don't mind telling you I'm getting totally pissed off with the way they keep saying I'm too old. They've been saying that for the past twenny-five years. If it wasn't true twenny-five years ago, why should it be any more true now?

Tell you one thing. You can stay a rock 'n' roll kid forever just so long as you still get turned on by what's happening streetwise. No one can tell me I'm not wise to what's happening in our street. Cheyne Walk, Chelsea is just five miles from the East End of London where my roots would have been if I hadn't been born in Kent and I often have my mates round for the odd Guinness, like Catherine Guinness or Sabrina, or even Desmond, and we get into a really heavy jam with either scones or muffins with Earl Grey to follow, though obviously not *the* Earl Grey, just the tea.

Most far-out place I've ever been in all my travels round this crazy world? The place with the most beautiful people and the most spaced-out scenery? To my mind that place is definitely oh christ what's it called, nyaah, 's gone.

I'm still totally into the Blues, even more so since that John Major's become their boss, 'cos I think ninety per cent tax, blah blah blah, is totally pernicious but totally. For instance, from the royalties of *Street Fightin' Man* I couldn't even get enough to finish off the jacuzzi in the South of France, and I had to move to Jamaica for three months to avoid paying the totally pernicious tax on the *Feed the Poor Kids, Mr Rich Fucker* from the *Down 'n' Out in Harlem* protest album.

The Sixties. Great times that still live in the memory. I'll never forget the day f'rinstance when Keith — or Bill, it was either Keith or Bill, it certainly wasn't the other one, thingy — came up to me in the Savoy, it must have been, or Claridges, yeah, that's right, the Connaught, and he looked me in the face and he said, "John," he said, and I said, "Mick, actually," and he said, "Yeah, thas right, Mick," he said, "Mick, I wanna tell you one thing, man," and I said, "What's that, Brian or whoever," and he said something I'll never forget to the day that I die. Actually, I can't remember absolutely what he said now that I think about it, but it stuck in my mind for one helluva long time and I think it's nice to remind ourselves of that kind of thing now that the guy's dead, that's if he *is* dead, of course.

Me and Keith's songs have progressed a long way since the Sixties. I mean, compare this line from the Sixties:
"I can't get no
Na na na na na
Can't get no
Na na na na na
Sa-tis
Fac-shun"

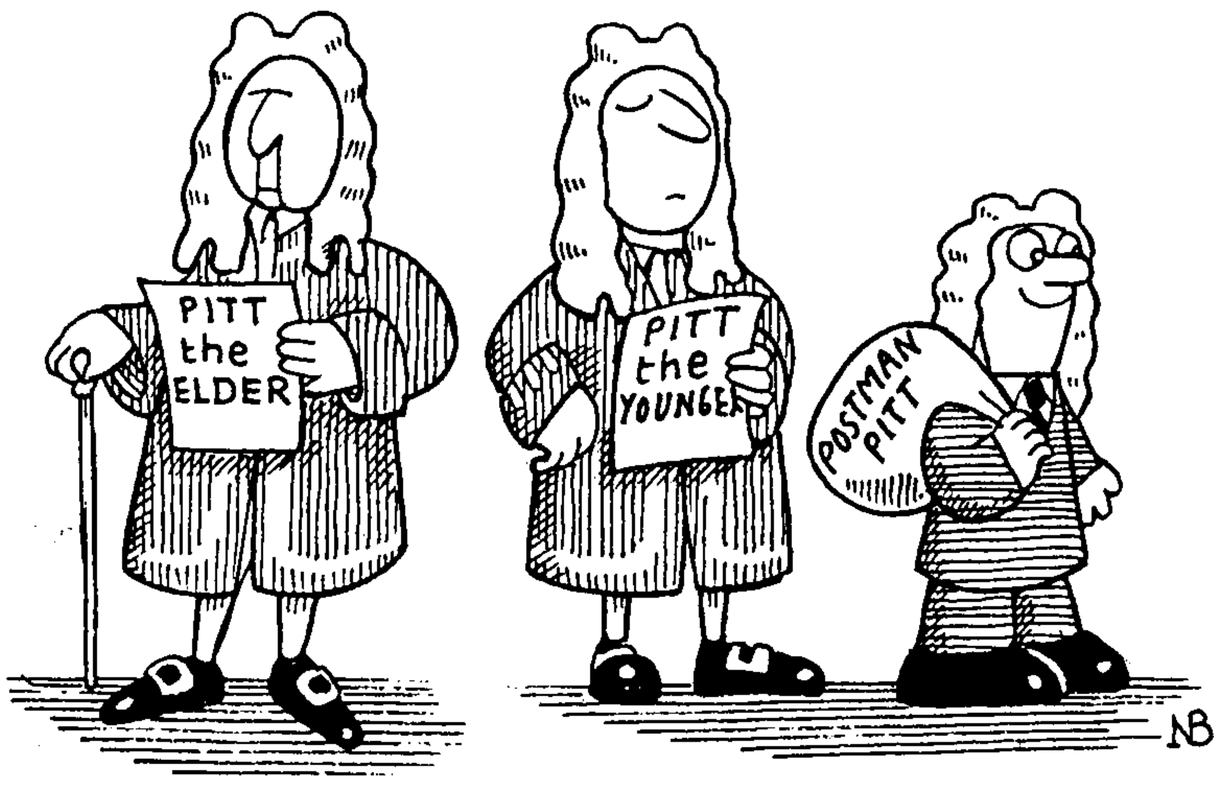
to this far more complex line from the Seventies:
"It's only rock 'n' roll
But I like it
Like it
Yes I do
Yes I like it
I like it."

Right up to where we are right now in the Eighties with infinitely and I mean infinitely more politically and emotionally *aware* lines like:
"I can't get no
Rock 'n' Roll
But I try and I try
To like it
Like it
'Specially in places like El Salvador
Na na na na na."

So let's hear no more of that the- Stones- aren't - goin' - nowhere- they're- stuck- in- the- Sixties scene hassle rap we've been gettin' recently 'cos it's draggin' me and the other freaks down, okay man? 'Nuff said. Rock on.

Remember Brian Jones (1943ish-1960something)? RIP. Beautiful guy. Dear friend. As I said at Hyde Park, Brian was a butterfly whose wings were too light to lift heavy machinery or even a bongo so I had to tell him to piss off. Peace, peace, as the poet Shirley put it, he is not dead, he dusts both sheep.

I'm not particularly into the money thing but over the years I've accrued considerable earnings from capital gained as a result of shrewd long-term investment by experienced advisers, but as I say I'm not the kinda guy who's gonna get looned out on material possessions blah blah blah. I still keep in touch with my roots and my heart's still with — yeaahhh! — rock 'n' roll, as I was tellin' Princess Margaret — d'y'know her? — only last night, or was it the night before? I forget. She seemed pretty shagged off with the whole Royalty rap and the total shaking hands thing, and I was telling her that there might be a place for her with a tambourine on the next tour, kind of Linda McCartney trip. Like I said, Margaret, it would be really cool if you'd join us, but there's a like favour you could do me in return. I mean, as you know, I'm not into the whole aristocracy thing, but I'd like to accept a knighthood not just for myself but on behalf of the whole world of rock 'n' roll, dig it. So if the next time we're playing Wembley you spot just behind Keith a fat chick in a tiara you'll know to start addressing us as Sir Michael and Lady Jerry or whatever, but that obviously needn't apply to close friends, family, and financial associates, etc. Rock 'n' roll! Whoooo! Right ON!!



A GANG of youths overturned two cars and vandalised a police vehicle in a disturbance in Gibbet Street in Halifax town centre last night.

Three people were arrested for breaching the peace but were released without being charged. A police spokesman said the youths were lacking normal parental control because their parents were at prayer during Ramadan.

Yorkshire Evening Post

Out of the pan . . .

A young man who impersonated a piece of bacon to amuse his friends was fined £20 after he admitted refusing to leave the area when told to do so by a police officer.

Jersey Evening Post

Literary Review

Coleridgeballs 4

How I Met My Wife and Other Stories

Nicholas Coleridge

(Heinemann, £13.99)

WELL MY DEARS, I daresay you'd imagine that what with all the terribly important things I have to do — looking after the *Tatler* and *Harper's & Queen*, writing those *Spectator* diaries — there wouldn't be much time left for proper, serious books. In fact you'd be making a tremendous mistake because this is actually my fourth. You might remember the last one, which was called *The Fashion Conspiracy*. *Frocks*, my dears, a much more serious subject than many of you seem to think.

But of course duty, that "urgent world of magazines" I talk about in the foreword (where, incidentally, I'm able to thank all those super chums who helped me) not to mention one's rather hectic social life, calls all too insistently these days, so I'm afraid most of the pieces in *How I Met My Wife* got written on holiday.

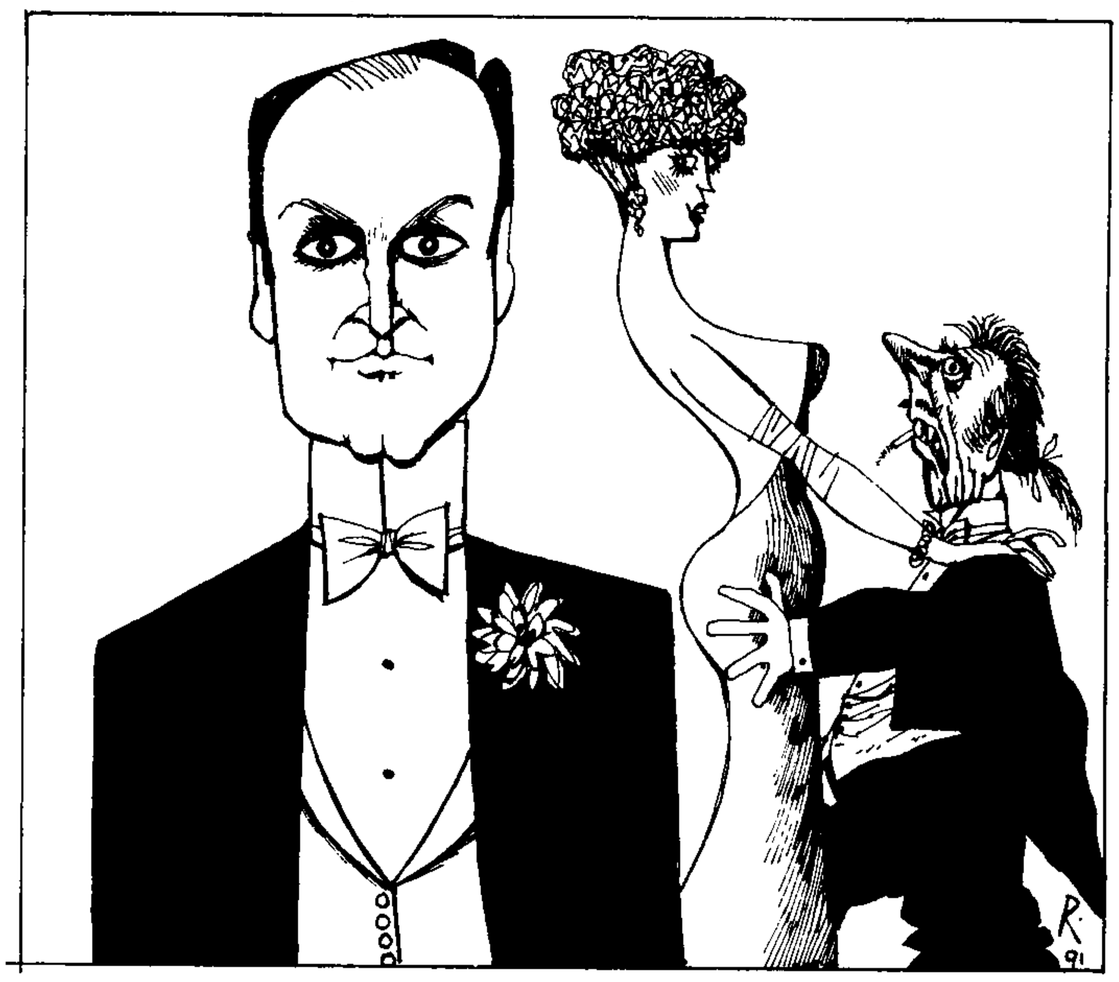
As you might imagine, we go off on some pretty glamorous jaunts — India, Sri Lanka, those wonderful little nooks in Tuscany — but that doesn't mean I can't impart some sound, sensible advice for the inexperienced traveller to foreign climes. After all, Istanbul, where I set "The Man Who Loved Driving", isn't an easy city for the tourist — no, you need concentration to find some of those pretty mosques — and Sri Lanka in July ("Lucky Beggars") really isn't the best place in the world to wear a green herring-bone jacket.

What happens in these "funny, ingenious and moving" tales (as my rather super publishers put it)? Well they're about what really matters, the right sort of people — people with names like Hector, Alexander and Katie — with the right sort of money in the right sort of places: Langan's, The Ritz, The Dorchester. People like us, in fact. And they operate by way of rather hilarious "twists". For instance in "Legal Tender" this hopeless woman ends up divorcing her husband only to find that the lady solicitor has set the whole thing up so she can go off with him!!! Then, in "The Man Who Loved Driving" I have this disillusioned wife sealing her husband in his laser-locking car!! A bit like Roald Dahl don't you think, or perhaps a more stylish Willie Maugham?

Of course, style is what it's all about. We writers have our favourite words. Some of mine are "perfect", "wonderfully", "enormously" and "entirely" and I find they serve me pretty well. The girls I write about tend to have perfect, smooth skin and wonderfully enthusiastic smiles anyway, so this is all rather a help. I — "I" turn up a lot in the guise of narrator — tend to be "frankly amazed" or find things "thoroughly silly": I always think this sort of precision is rather a help to the reader, poor lamb, who can't always be expected to grasp what's happening or what all these glamorous people I write about are up to.

Well, not all glamorous, not quite all of them. You see, even in these delicious confections about delightful girls in Tuscany and fashionable Indian princesses, this is still fiction with a message. Mr Major might go on about his vision of a classless society, but we all know, don't we dears, that it's still us against them, and if you don't know who "we" are then I'm rather afraid you're one of them. Consequently, I've thrown in one or two *killing* little pieces about car salesmen with shiny shoes and oiks who don't know anything about art. My favourite is about a dreadful *nouveau riche* called "Ken" who insists on a discount when he stays in decent hotels and has to bargain for everything. Of course he gets his comeuppance at the hands of a Hong Kong art-dealer (in any case, what would someone called Ken do with a Chinese painting?)

As I point out in the introduction, it took six years to produce these little *divertissements*, so I fear there won't be any more for some time. Meanwhile I'm afraid I have to pop back to the office where the most frightful crisis has arisen. It appears that some poor, dim little sub on *Harpers* has actually confused the dowager duchess of Ham and Bran with the dowager duchess of Buck and Cham! Duty, my dears, duty, and like this super little book, right at the heart of what really matters.



Books & Bookmen

☐ **IT'S GOOD to know that the prime minister thinks highly of Bloomsbury's rushed scissors-and-paste cuttings job about him which as yet has failed to make the bestseller lists.**

Mr Major has written to Nigel Newton, the publisher's managing director, in a brown-nosed way about the book ("I enjoyed it very much") but makes an oblique comment on the atrocious grey (could this have been deliberate on Bloomsbury's part?) quality of the printing, especially of the far from pretty pictures.

"I understand that you are trying to improve the quality of reproduction in the next issue of the book," he writes. It is reassuring that the PM expects the compilation to go into a second edition.

■ CHARLES BLACK, a publisher of the old school, doesn't need to appear in *Who's Who*: he owns it.

His family firm, A & C Black, publishes about 100 titles a year and has a turnover of £5m. Last year Black bought the ailing house of Christopher Helm Publishers Ltd, which brought out about 50 titles a year. Yet again, as with Weidenfeld and Dent (last *Eye*), no sooner did Black acquire Helm than the lofty, broken-nosed Christopher's staff faded away.

As ever it is the authors who are treated as chattels.

A hitherto quiet and modest scribe, Barbara Abbs, was looking forward to having her *A Guide to the Gardens of France* (this was a real, necessary book in that there were no others) published by Helm in spring 1990. She wrote politely to Charles Black in October last asking when she would have proofs to correct.

The haughty Black replied: "I'm afraid it is already clear that we will not be able to publish... next spring." Ms Abbs answered Black, saying how much time she'd spent updating the manuscript and pointing out that contractually Black (or Helm) was obliged to publish within six months of the book "being passed for press". Black deigned not to reply — bringing down on his head the wrath of the previously feeble (last *Eye*) secretary of the Society of Authors, the new fiery Mark Le Fanu, who wrote to Black in November.

"I hope that on further reflection you will meet your obligations under the contract and confirm that the book will be published as soon as possible," wrote Le Fanu. "Otherwise it seems very likely that this saga will become a case study for our members as to all that can go wrong when one publishing company is taken over by another. I hope that it won't be necessary to instruct solicitors."

Black, predictably, replied not to Le Fanu but to Abbs: "I apologise for not replying, but I did not consider that any response was called for at that time (sic). Barbara Abbs wrote to Black again on 11 December, urging him to publish.

A month later has the publisher replied? Er... no.

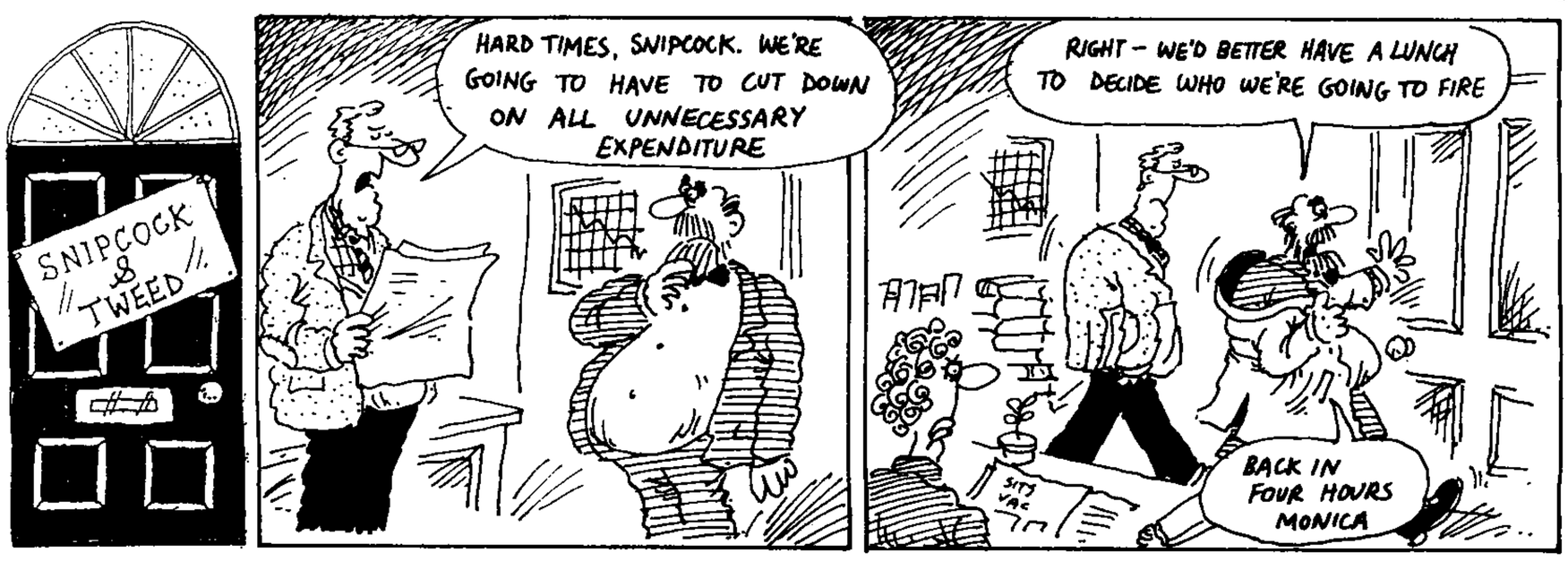
☐ COLIN DEXTER, author of the Inspector Morse novels, left one question unanswered in his long article in the *Sunday Telegraph* last week, but his local paper, the *Oxford Star*, has persuaded him to answer the charges made in the *Eye* last year. What about the passage from Dexter's *The Riddle Of The Third Mile* (1983), which was taken almost verbatim from David Lodge's *Changing Places* (1975)?

"It's very strange", Dexter told the paper, "because I've never read anything by David Lodge in my life."

Stranger still is his reply to the claim that his latest book, *The Wench Is Dead*, is a rip-off of Josephine Tey's classic novel *The Daughter Of Time*. "The accusation about taking Josephine Tey's idea is easer to deal with because that is exactly what I did. And in the book I acknowledge the fact."

£5 to any reader who can spot it.

'Bookworm'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BACK IN FOUR HOURS MONICA

Electricity privatisation

Veiled threats

THE TORIES' blind obsession with electricity privatisation has degenerated into a farcical dance of the seven veils.

The first veil to go was the Magnox stations. Next went the other nuclear stations. Then one electricity chairman went — and then another. Following that, Lord Hanson was offered a straight sale to avoid privatisation — and he refused it. Now the Government has put only 60 percent of the stock on sale on the strange grounds that it will "maximise proceeds" for the taxpayer by selling the rest of the shares later on. If that were true, then logically it should hold back the whole 100 percent and call the whole thing off. That could well be the seventh veil.

In the meantime the Department of Energy has embarked on the extraordinary task of persuading the public to invest in a company, PowerGen, which removed its chairman after a secret boardroom row while refusing to tell potential investors what went wrong. The other company for sale, National Power, has also been careless at chairman level. It lost Lord Marshall and replaced him with a part-timer who must be hoping this job lasts longer than his last one: he was chairman of British Satellite Broadcasting.

The Government's plan to introduce competition into electricity supply is now just a pious memory. It will sell the two companies at a giveaway price. And as both are run by their No 2s (John Baker at National Power and Ed Wallis at PowerGen); and as both men are former executives of the Central Electricity Generating Board, the market is almost bound to be carved up leaving little room for independent producers. The CEGB is dead — long live the CEGB!

The sale marks the end of privatisation and the admission by the Government (as the *Eye* forecast all along) that it could not sell the two generating companies at any price. It has thus confined the sale to 60 percent of the equity, with the Government keeping the other 40 percent. This will create the sort of mixed economy "private company" of which even the opposition would approve. It will mean a government director on the board — and that it will be easy for Labour to renationalise it by buying a mere 11 percent of the shares.

Last summer the Government decided that PowerGen could not be sold on the open market and tried to persuade Hanson, the acquisitive Anglo-American conglomerate run by one of Mrs Thatcher's chums, to buy it outright. Hanson spent time (from mid-May until 23 August) and money (its management team swarmed over the books and the power stations) to see how many assets could be stripped and sold off at a profit. It decided the company was not even worth a bid.

Next, Robert Malpas was lured from his copper-bottomed job as managing director of British Petroleum where he was paid a modest £300,000 a year. PowerGen paid him a little less for a part-time commitment as chairman. He was not likely to go hungry from the drop in salary, as he is also a director of Barings, British Oxygen and Eurotunnel; but his main interest was the position and the influence it offered. And that was his undoing. He spoke his mind in public and actually said how he thought the industry should go, emphasising the need for increased energy efficiency — a fatal suggestion which would mean lower demand and less business for PowerGen.

But the real problem was not any particular policy difference. The trouble with Malpas was that he wasn't, as most of the Board saw it, "one of us". Of PowerGen's five executive directors, four come from the CEGB. They did not welcome an outsider as chairman and so he had to go. The solitary shareholder, energy secretary John Wakeham, complied because he could not face a row with the board as privatisation loomed.

The Government must now persuade the public (which unlike Hanson has not been allowed to inspect what it is buying), that Hanson got it all wrong and that its expert commercial judgement is worth nothing compared with the glowing prospectus issued by the Government.

Meanwhile at National Power Sir Trevor Holdsworth is in place as chairman. He succeeded Lord Marshall, who resigned when the Government decided it was impossible to privatise his beloved nuclear stations. It took nine months to find his successor and Holdsworth, the former BSB man, may have felt power would be peaceful compared with satellite broadcasting. He is being paid £185,000 a year for popping in three days a week in the intense period leading up to privatisation. Once that has been completed he will drop back to two days a week, as befits a gent.

This will keep him out of John Baker's way and Baker will no doubt continue in the style at which he is master: producing figures that prove whatever seems appropriate. He appeared at the Sizewell inquiry to argue for more nuclear power stations to meet demand — the Government had said one a year for 10 years — but at Hinkley the board had modified its concept of the nation's need to four stations. Three of them were cancelled.

One of National Power's first acts has been to shut down five coal-fired power stations and it now says that even without Hinkley and two other stations which were once regarded as essential, we actually have the opposite problem: over-capacity. The closures are the forerunner of massive cuts totalling 5,000 jobs and 3,000 megawatts of capacity over the next five years.

These cuts are possible, so the argument goes, because we will be switching from burning coal to burning gas, which is cheaper. Gas is being marketed as a "clean" fuel because it produces less carbon dioxide than does coal; but it produces more methane, which is more poisonous, and we have only 24 years of known gas reserves. The price will go up as the stocks dwindle and demand rises and gas burning will contribute massively to pollution. But these points are not the principal concern of an electricity supply industry in a privatised environment: its role is to attract shareholders.

The question is how long it can stay profitable. Gas-fired stations are short-term investments and at some point major expenditure will be needed to create new, more expensive stations to keep the lights burning. By then, of course, the smart shareholders will have sold out and it will be someone else's problem how to illuminate the nation.

Railways

Laughing stock

THE CANNON Street train crash last week provided a sad reminder of the aged state of some of British Rail's rolling stock. But before passengers trumpet the arrival of BR's new air-conditioned diesel train, they should instead spare a thought for the suffering caused to millions of passengers by the train's production.

The new trains, "Class 158", are being built by British Rail Engineering Limited, one of the world's largest railway rolling stock makers. In April 1989, BREL was sold to a consortium of Asea Brown Boveri, Trafalgar House and BREL management. At the time of its privatisation it had a turnover of £305 million and a rosy future: orders worth £420 million were soon to be supplemented by the contract to supply new trains for London's Central Line at a cost of over £300 million.

Obviously BREL was worth a tidy sum, which experts estimated at £100 million. It was sold for £13.6 million.

Compare that figure with the price paid by GEC-Alsthom a few months later for the acquisition of Metro-Cammell of Birmingham. Metro-Cammell was also a builder of railway rolling stock but, with a turnover of £97.8 million in 1988, it was far smaller than BREL. Even so, it sold for three times as much.

What made BREL such a bargain was that the British Railways Board wrote off nearly £65 million of loans to it. How generous of us taxpayers! The European Commission acknowledged that the waiving of loans amounted to hefty state aid, but decided to allow the sale because the new owners would be committed to spending £75 million on a restructuring of the company, a restructuring which the Class 158 train would put to the test.

Regional Railways (formerly Provincial Sector) is made up of the unprofitable parts of BR. It was meant to be BR's Bum Sector and it is privatisation's problem child. As such, it has inherited a vast rolling scrap-heap of trains dating from the 1950s and 1960s while Inter-City Sector has run off, laughing, with everything new, fast or air-conditioned.

Faced with the rapid phasing-out of the Public Service Obligation grant (subsidy for rail services which are deemed socially essential but which do not make profits) by government decree, the management of Regional Railways has had to act quickly or suffer severe decimation. A plan which will see "Sprinter"-type trains on most Regional routes has long since swung into action. Indeed, it has been such a success that Regional Railways is now faced with another problem — overcrowding on trains.

The Class 158 train is the top-of-the-range model in this plan. Delivery of 158s will allow the withdrawal of most of Regional's old and smelly trains, which would have disappeared long ago had BREL not thrown a spanner into the works.

In awarding the contract for the building of the Class 158 trains to BREL, Provincial Sector had been particularly impressed by BREL's promised delivery dates — beginning in March 1989 — which were fantastically soon for such a complex and innovative design. Moreover, BREL offered a penalty clause which Provincial would exercise in the event of late delivery: for each vehicle that was late, Provincial would deduct 1 percent of the vehicle's cost for each week of delay, up to a 15 percent maximum.

As March 1989 approached, and BREL was being tarted up for privatisation, there was still no sign of the Class 158 trains. Neither was there any sign of penalties being paid by BREL: to make the company more attractive to prospective buyers, the penalty clause was scrapped altogether before the sale!

This meant that BREL would not suffer even if the trains were five years late. In the event the first 158s entered service in September 1990 — 17 months late.

It is impossible to calculate the cost of that delay, which created problems of mind-boggling magnitude. Most of the problems stem from the fact that the 158s were to have allowed the instant withdrawal of the old and smelly trains, which instead grew older and smellier and even more expensive to maintain. Apart from being unattractive to passengers, this meant appalling unreliability as the vintage 1950s-technology struggled on well beyond its life-expectancy. Unreliability caused cancellations, delays and shorter trains, which resulted in acute overcrowding and much frustration. Many passengers began to make their journeys by other means (and may continue to do so ever more). All this lost millions of pounds for Provincial/Regional Railways.

Furthermore, West Yorkshire Passenger Transport Authority is so disgusted with the cancellation rate and the quality of those trains which do manage to run, that it is withholding some of its support payments to Regional Railways, which looks like losing £¾ million in a year in this way. Other passenger transport authorities may follow suit before the disruption is over.

Meanwhile the Government refuses to face up to the problem and the PSO grant continues to melt away rapidly. So Regional Railways has no choice but to raise fares in order to increase revenue to cover rising operating costs — and to *discourage* people from travelling at busy times. In desperation, Regional is withdrawing many evening and Sunday services with further loss of long-term custom. Some threatened services have been retained by cash donations from county councils — donations which amount to further subsidy for the privatised BREL.

Throughout this fiasco it is interesting that Regional Railways has never passed the buck to BREL or to the Department of Transport (which wishes the dirty dealing surrounding BREL's sale to be kept from the public).

Were BREL to compensate Regional fully for the losses which have resulted from its own foul play, Regional would receive the Class 158 trains free of charge, or possibly even be paid to take them. But, with the penalty clause abolished, BREL stands to make a handsome profit. And that's what matters, isn't it?

In the City

SHAREHOLDERS in Telfos Holdings, the locomotive engineers who lost their way and several million pounds thanks to the decisions of former chief executive Jo Malins and his still in place boardroom backers, are asked to rely on the wisdom of the former Malins mob in deciding whether to accept the takeover bid from William Cook or any rival offer.

One of those directors to the fore in proffering advice will be Clive Harrison, senior partner of Telfos' just-replaced stockbrokers Fiske and a non-executive director of the company. In weighing that advice Telfos shareholders would do well to consider what role Harrison has played in the debacle which has already cost Telfos £7 million and could end up costing a lot more.

Harrison has never been exactly a member of the City stockbroking establishment. But then what could be expected of a man who first attracted interest when working at the right hand of Victor Sandelson, a man whose firm was a founder member of the List of Usual Suspects. Like many of those firms on the list, Sandelson is no more.

Before its demise Master Clive, a man who never suffered from humility when it came to evaluating his own abilities or worth (as Telfos shareholders were to learn), founded Fiske — his middle name. But if the Sandelson name may have gone, the memory lingered on in the high calibre deals and blue-blooded clients with which Fiske became synonymous. Names such as Aberdeen Steak Houses bring a warm glow to all who were involved, other than the luckless investors.

Given the Fiske/Harrison connection, what was more natural therefore but that Telfos — purveyors of locomotives, rolling stock, mining equipment and metal spraying — should take a 13.5 percent stake in its supportive company broker. So in April 1988, seven months *after* the October Big Bang which sent shares, and stockbrokers' fortunes in particular, into free fall, Telfos paid just under £694,500 for a shareholding in Fiske which had immediately beforehand transformed itself from a partnership into a limited company.

Under the deal Telfos paid effectively £104 a share for its holding. A similar price was paid by another Fiske client, Ugandan Asian entrepreneur Nasmu Virani's Control Securities, who took a near 11 percent interest.

Just why both companies should want to invest £1.25 million in a stockbroking firm at that time is less than clear. So too is why they paid £104 a share, valuing Fiske at some £5.2 million, when only three days before the partnership and its assets had been acquired by the allotment of 37,850 shares at the £1 par value. Harrison received 28,250 of those shares. His 56 percent became worth £2.9 million.

Doubtless the added value was more than justified by the reputation/goodwill Fiske had generated — £3.86 million worth was written off after the takeover — and by its profitability and prospects. The 1989 accounts, the first after the takeover, showed a trading loss of £2,500 on a turnover of £1.4 million. Interest earnings, however, turned that into a £153,000 profit. And last year was even better. On a similar turnover — part of it through Telfos in the shape of not just share-dealing commissions but also fees (£109,000 in 1989) — profits jumped to £242,000.

And it goes without saying that the price paid for the Fiske shares would have been decided on an arm's-length basis after full independent advice to the Telfos board with Harrison taking no part in the decision to invest.

Even so Telfos shareholders may well be wondering just what that investment may be worth today with stockbroking firms facing yet another tough year in a business where there are far more sellers than buyers. One clue could be that last year Fiske gave director Alan Meech an option to buy shares. The price — £2.50 a share. That would seem to value the Telfos stake at nearer £435,000 than £694,500, a fall of more than a third in two years. But that was then and this is now. No doubt chairman Clive (salary last year £94,000) will be able, as a Telfos director, to assure shareholders that no write-offs will be required on their highly prized investment in his firm.

CREDITORS of self-styled billionaire Asil Nadir have been offered his private interests as the "reward" for not bankrupting him. Whether they will continue to take this bait, on the grounds that something is better than nothing even if you may be owed up to £100 million and suspect that nothing is what you will get, remains to be seen. But certainly little comfort will be given to them by the history of one of Nadir's private interests — his venture into British newspapers with the Mercury Group of West Country free sheets.

Nadir, who had started or bought newspapers in northern Cyprus and Turkey (most of which are big money losers), took over the Mercury papers three years ago. There were four weekly free sheets in Bristol, Cirencester and Stroud. The venture was funded through South Audley Management, owned by a Nadir family trust, and run by his personal adviser Elizabeth Forsyth, now helping the Serious Fraud Office with its inquiries. She was joined in 1989 by Bruce Matthews, the former Murdoch executive at News International, and then by Peter Heath from West Ferry Printers (of the *Daily Telegraph*).

Matthews, a Wapping era hatchet man for the Digger, became chairman of Glendarn, which owned the newspapers, and was also a one-time chairman of Berkeley Media which operated out of the SAM offices in Berkeley Square.

Those who have had access to the Glendarn books report that it was never other than a major loss maker. It published about 150,000 copies a week; but according to one estimate costs were perhaps twice its income. Administrative costs like salaries were also far from modest. The free sheets were reckoned to be losing up to £300,000 a year at the time last October that the Nadir cheque book closed and the bank pulled the plug, putting Glendarn into administration. One estimate puts the likely Nadir losses on the venture at up to £2 million.

As has been seen with the newspaper ventures abroad, Nadir was far better at borrowing and spending money than he ever was at making it. Perhaps a reason why SAM is now heading for liquidation. And perhaps a fact that Polly Peck will show was always the case.

AMONG the creditors left behind by supposed super salesman Roger Levitt are reckoned to be a long list of charities to whom Levitt made substantial covenants or promises of generous donations. Many of these counted on the money before it arrived and spent what they will now never have. Levitt used his charity cheque book as a way to respectability, opening doors to potential clients. Now both clients and charities have ended up the loser.

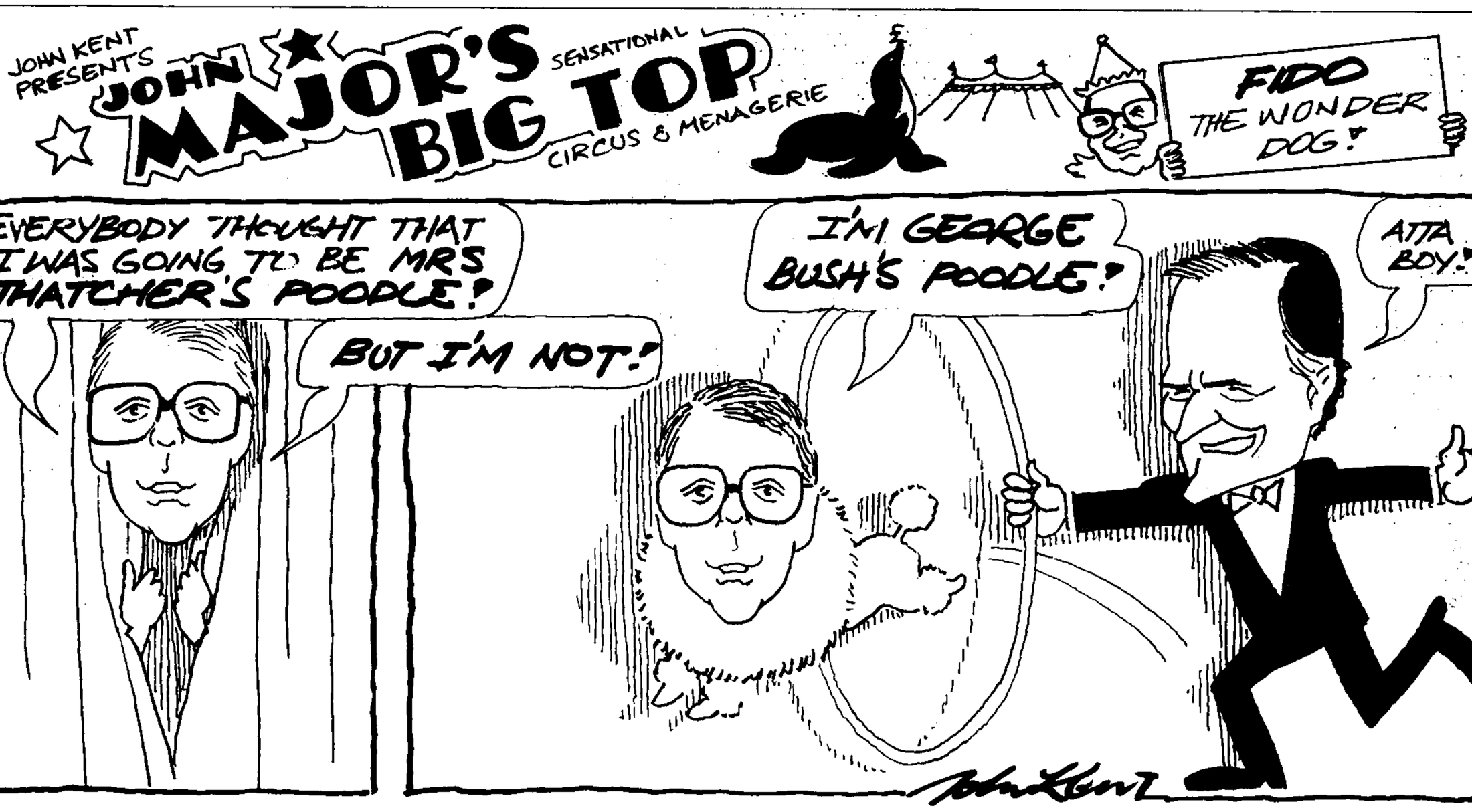
So too, it seems, may even have been certain Levitt salesmen who have discovered that payments were not made into their own company pension plans as they assumed and were told. All of which begs the question as to just how profitable the Levitt Group ever was — despite what Levitt said and auditors Stoy Hayward and bankers Chase Manhattan believed.

ALL appears less than as it should be with George 'The Prisoner' Walker's PR mouthpiece, Square Mile Communications, run by John Coyle. Financial PR men, lest we forget, are there to advise businesses on their image and the right/best way to do things. It must be somewhat embarrassing, therefore, that the Coyle company has been dissolved by the Registrar of Companies.

This action was taken last November on the grounds that the registrar believed the company to be defunct. The registrar had served notice on the company of his intention to strike off Square Mile for not carrying on business three months before, as provided in the Companies Act 1985.

Perhaps the failure of Square Mile to communicate or file any accounts may have had something to do with that decision. Clearly the registrar has not been reading the *Sunday Times*, otherwise he would have been aware that Coyle/Square Mile has been far from dormant on Brent Walker's behalf.

'Slicker'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MALE, 32, seeks new career. Can give 110%. Box 0459.

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THE CROSSWORD CLUB magazine provides members with monthly Listener-style puzzles. Sample from Hilberry Farm, Awbridge Hill, Romsey, Hants SO51 0HF.

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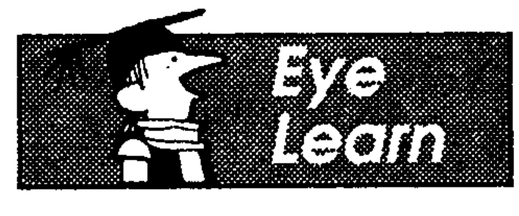

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INDIVIDUAL, compiling lists and information on companies that have recently gone into receivership, requires information concerning Atkinson Fox Design Ltd of Stroud. Also information required on the purchasing policy of Polycell Products Ltd and Champion Sports Ltd. Information of same nature sought on other companies. All information acknowledged and treated confidentially. Fees payable upon publication. Box 2359.

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ADVENTUROUS FEMALE to join male (29) for travels. Iceland, Kenya, South America and more! Box 1159.

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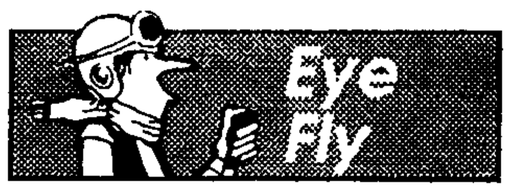

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POTENTIAL celibate monk/superstar/criminal/jerk. Seeks understanding St Michael types and nutters to send cash/cheques to stop me from running. Many thanks. Box 4658.

MUSICIAN songwriter needs £7,500 to replace stolen equipment. Music is my life and I am willing to pay with original copyright song to be able to work again. Box 4758.

HELP! £10,000 desperately required to clear debts and see the world before I die. All donations gratefully acknowledged. Box 4858.

MONEY MAKES MONEY. Priceless, private and extremely valuable information in exchange for £5,000 loan. Box 2854.

WE NEED FUNDS (and suggestions) to finance leaving country and mountainous debts. Every little helps. Box 0659.

COUPLE require £5,000 loan for new, environmentally friendly, company. Box 1359.

MUSICIAN training as Alexander teacher needs help with fees. Full documentation available. Box 1459.

PLEASE HELP ME replace selfless mum's dangerously worn stair carpet. Any amount helps. Box 1559.

ELECTRONICS GENIUS international reputation seeks large wodges of freelance dosh toot sweet. Anything goes. Box 1659.

POOR STUDENT needs £200 to complete education. NIGEL DELAROSA, 2 Upper Road, Batley, W. Yorkshire WF17 7LT.

MORTGAGE MISERY! Help! Box 1759.

PASSIONATE, impulsive undergraduate quit her degree to save the world. Must now pay back £3200 grant. Help! Box 1656.

UNEMPLOYED MALE, ex-nurse, needs £5,000 to finance return to nursing course. Genuine plea — anything legal considered — please help. Box 1859.

£2000 required to complete counselling course, PLEASE. Box 1959.

SINGLE MALE. I have worked hard, made a small but well-earned fortune, and do not need your money. Does it pain you to think of your so-called friends or relatives inheriting your wealth and property? Think of their horror if you left it to me in your will in the distant future. Could you be this mean to them? If so they probably deserve it. Box 2059.

MASSIVE pharmaceutical company has offered me £15,000 following severe illness after taking their famous product. If I accept I can't go to the papers, but I need the money. Others have suffered too. Please help me bring the potential danger of this product to the public's attention. Fax 071-738 2267.

ARTIST needs £££s for paints, any creative amount usable. Please help. Thanks. Box 2159.

DONATIONS PLEASE. Box 2259.

SKELETON in your cupboard? Donate it to a poor medical student. Ring 0932 854206.

WOMAN DOCTOR, 29, seeks companions for walking trip to Santiago this summer. Box 1259.

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THE SUCCESSFUL WAY for professional people to meet is through THE PICTURE DATING AGENCY, the caring/confidential service. Be sent lists of compatible partners with their photos. For details call 071-439 7091 (days)/ 081-297 1424 (anytime).

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DON'T GET HUNG UP on chatlines — correspond with equal confidentiality. SAE: RSVP (PE), PO Box 136, Edinburgh EH7 5TF.

MOSCOW CONNECTION. 400 lovely, cultured Russian females, including doctors, lawyers, teachers, musicians etc, seek love/marriage with similar caring gentlemen. 081-505 4095.

ONE IN A million. Distinguished Scandinavian gentleman, chairman of international company (London based and with home also in South of France) seeks strikingly attractive lady 35-47 with zest for life, who enjoys travelling, very stylish, elegant, refined, cultured, and with an ambition for luxury and refinement — as travelling companion and hostess in connection with international negotiations and cultural excursions...A certain artistic flair and intellectual interests would be appreciated together with a good knowledge of foreign languages. A sense of humour, warm sensuality, intelligence and imagination would in no way represent an obstacle to this mutually rewarding relationship in every respect. Write in strictest confidence, enclosing photo, to Box 3059.

GOOD LOOKING, very successful business man aged 37, seeking lady under 35, must be very attractive with a good figure and modern outlook and appreciates a man taking the lead in a relationship. You should perhaps have plenty of spare time and enjoy travel, good food and wine and being spoilt and pampered. Recent photo and phone number ensures reply. Box 3159.

INDEPENDENT, intelligent, male wheelchair user. Early 20s, quiet, interested in "The Guardian/BBC 2" way of life. Seeks serious relationship with quiet, easy-going compatible woman. Newcastle area. Box 3259.

IRISH MIST, 24 Nov. Barleycorn and Finsbury Park tube, 25 Nov. Dark-haired young lady sought (? pursued) by bearded creep. Sorry about all that, I'm really pretty civilised, just awfully shy. Box 3359.

ME: 38, looks younger due to absence of crimplene in wardrobe. Likes music — especially punk! books, animals and people. Fed up with men who have angst-ridden lives, are still married or desperately trying to be new man because they think its cool. You: as above — hate Barry Manilow, etc. Photo too please — sorry, but it's only fair! Box 3459.

SERENGETI, Samoa, Sumatra and Seoul are places I've worked. Intrepid Hong Kong based, mid 30s lady seeks man with portable profession to rescue her from interesting career. I enjoy most things, esp. entertaining, writing, children and Pimms. Box 3559.

TALL, fun loving male seeks naughty lady (35/55) to ease the strains of life. Photo/phone, Leeds area. Box 3659.

DIVERSE interests. Tall, educated business woman (26) into wild parties, theatre, smoking/drinking, aerobics, lie-ins, wind-surfing, London living and countryside, seeks male (26-40) to be led astray into relationship. Photo appreciated. Box 3959.

INTERESTING man wanted. Tall, trim, smoke-free, 45ish for loving relationship, status unimportant. East Herts. Box 3759.

MALE, SLIM, not unattractive, affluent, caring, seeks slim, sensual, intelligent female for dining out at the best places and trips abroad. Genuine friendship assured. London. Box 3859.

OXFORD research student, historian, male, 28, 6'4", athletic, American, somewhat shy, energetic, pro-establishment, seeks intelligent, warm and friendly woman, 20-40 for evenings out, possible romance/relationship. Photo and letter appreciated. Box 4059.

CARING, cultivated, mid-40s, lady-of-world desires lively, loving liaison with like-minded literatus. Box 4159.

DISCERNING Chinese girlfriend (18+) sought by equally discerning Asiatic student — heartbroken! w/soon, pleaseeee...(100% gen.), NW/anywhere. Box 4259.

PROFESSIONAL male, 29, 5'7", seeks similar, unattached, intelligent female to provide direction and impetus in slowly stagnating life. Photo and letter. E. Midlands. Box 4359.

FIFTYISH, fit, fun man looking for sexy, but very caring woman, any age, shape or nationality for long term affair, happiness, support. Total discretion asked and given. London, Bristol, Birmingham triangle. Box 4459.

HANDSOME, amusing, Green, upper class chap, 35, with PhD seeks beautiful girl with brains, red nails and a XXX like a peach. Box 4559.

EXTRA-MARITAL suppers sought by attractive, entertaining man, 39, whose charms are attended to at the weekend but which lie fallow during the week in London. Photo/phone. Box 4659.

GIRLS! Make me yours! Respectful, good-looking, tied male graduate, 37 yrs, seeks female (20-48), loves giving massage, mutual stimulation, correspondence, friendship, naughty games. Berkshire/anywhere. Box 4759.

BUXOM BLONDE, 26, independent, confident, optimistic, seeks humorous hunk, considerate, sensual, sure, to give meaning to breakfast in bed. Interested. Box 4859.

WIDOWER (65) Central London, seeks occasional dinner/theatre companion, preferably intelligent with sense of humour. Box 4959.

HUMOROUS chap, student, 20, indie, cinema, theatre, looking for similar young lady. London area. Box 5059.

SENSUAL, salubrious, sybaritic, sintelligent (?) siren seeks permanent partner. Essential requirements — male(!), well educated, humorous, successful, good-looking, energetic and slightly mad! Box 5159.

TOTNES male, 40, socialist, entrepreneur, seeks interesting female for weekends plus. Box 5259.

MX-5 seeks navigator. Slimmish, mildly witty, civilised, late forties, wealthy, discreet, unattached company director, seeks young, educated, sensual sylph to make those occasions special. S. London, S. England. Phone returnable. Photo ensures reply. Genuine. Box 5359.

ATTRACTIVE, humorous, professional male (40+) for friendship, fun, formula one, theatres, galleries, etc. East Midlands. Box 5459.

INDEPENDENT, scatty, talkative woman (28) seeks vaguely left-wing man. Box 5559.

SERIOUS young man, (25, N/S, East Midlands) seeks serious young woman as cure for workaholism. Prescriptions to Box 6159.

TOO BUSY entrepreneur, 6ft, slim, single, 40, is determined to winter at his Caribbean villa but needs a perfect young lady to inspire him to delegate and go! Of course nobody's perfect but the wide eyes, bright mind and shiny hair of a near twenty lady could enchant the emotions to make the decisions. Phone and photo? Box 5959.

SINGLE, handsome, peripatetic businessman required (25-35) to inter-relate with adventurous young lady. S.E. Box 5859.

CALLING ALL VALENTINES...

Send your Valentine messages to reach us by February 6th. Special Rate - £1 per word (minimum £5). Valentine Issue on sale February 13th.

Send the wording and payment to: "PRIVATE EYE VALENTINES", 6 CARLISLE STREET, LONDON W1V 5RG.

IMMINENTLY thirtysomething, professional, still searching for Hope (or Melissa). Usual interests — theatre, cinema, football (optional) walking. London. Box 5659.

ELIGIBLE MALE, seeks companion to share otherwise fulsome life. Fitness fanatic (not too boring though), worldly wise, broad minded, multi-interests, seeks pretty 20-35 woman with some pep and good humour to complete life's jigsaw. Photo appreciated. Box 5759.

VERY attractive, professional black woman, 29, 5'9", Oxbridge graduate, seeks successful, outgoing professional man living in London/Surrey/Kent, for long term, sincere relationship. Letter and photo appreciated. Box 6059.

MALE with tremendous potential in the process of divorce. Age just 47. At present moody, warped sense of humour, quiet on off-days, very clean, selfish and very loving. At ease in Joe's cafe or the Savoy River Restaurant (and known in both). Articulate, well mannered and at times positively charming. He seeks long legged, dependable companion. He offers friendship, entertainment, meals out and quiet evenings in. Box 6259.

I'M LOSING my gorgeous girlfriend. I was caught out and here I am. 6'2", 32 and professional. Letters, photo please. Wales. Box 6359.

LAUGHTER is the greatest gift. Bamber Gascoigne lookalike (36) needs mature, slightly daft female partner to share this gift and others. London and S.E. Box 6459.

CARTOON Boyfriend (London, 29) seeks Girlfriend in a Coma. Object: bedside vigil. Box 6559.

SOPHISTICATED, sexy, tall, attractive female, 33, needs the attention of a tall, mature gent for an uncomplicated, easy-going relationship. Box 6659.

ATTRACTIVE, male professional, 5ft 11", forties, loves children, opera, ballet, countryside (+ singing!) seeks younger, 20-30 year old woman, preferably musical (soprano?) for happy times. Send photo/long letter to Box 6759.

ATTRACTIVE, prof. lady, (34) seeks caring, romantic, prof. male (N. East) to enjoy/share life. Box 6859.

VIVACIOUS, cosmopolitan female seeks "40 something" soulmate who is successful, attractive, has a terrific sense of humour and who enjoys travelling when he gets the chance. Write to meet initially for just a laugh. (Cheltenham-Oxford area). Box 6959.

MADONNA sought for hanky-panky sessions with late 30s, fun-loving guy. Bristol area. Write now if this sounds fun. Box 7059.

LADIES, Spanish holiday? Englishman, forties seeks lover/soulmate, 18-50, details from David Barrett, Apartado 54, 03100 Jijona, Alicante, Spain. Please include photo.

WARM, caring, well-educated male, 32, seeks lively lady, 25-40, for hedonistic fun. Discretion assured. Photo guarantees reply. Kent. Box 7159.

SHY COUCH potato, graduate male, aged 22, into good pubs, good films, conversation, even the occasional concern when I've got the energy. If you're female and can be bothered, write to me. I guarantee I'll reply. West Yorkshire. Box 7259.

MALE, 40, humorous, fairly intelligent, suffering from terminal marriage seeks reubenesque lady for discreet affair. Northampton. Box 7359.

ARE YOU an officer and/or gentleman with wit, style and imagination; who would enjoy a communicative, no ties, friendship with a vivacious, attractive, feminine lady? Box 7459.

TALL, horticulturist, 23, seeks active, lively female, 23+, likes gothic music, travel, badminton. London. Box 7659.

EYE NEED: an elegant, loving lady (forty-something) to give me a base for my career move (London or S.E.). EYE AM: 28 year old gentleman, attractive, polite, solvent, very loving but lonely. Please send telephone number for friendly chat. Box 7759.

MALE (20), OK looking, likes music and sports. Seeks slim girlfriend (18-22) N/S for companionship and romance. Bolton/Bury area. Letter and photo appreciated. Box 7859.

PHYSICAL PHYSIO (glamorous divorcee) seeks tall, caring, sincere, sensuous, no strings male (45ish) for much mutual therapy. My photo for yours. All letters with photos answered. Phone no please. Bucks, Herts, Oxfordshire, Berks, London. Box 7959.

BLONDE, attractive, bright, 34, professionelle, realises work's not everything. If you're successful, balanced, looking for wit, humour, social ease, warmth and capacity to share — respond, photo appreciated, not vital, but all interesting letters guarantee contact. Box 8859.

WHERE, oh where is that special kind and loving super-man (successful, in his 50s and unattached). Hopeful lady, London based. Box 8159.

PROFESSIONAL, educated, sporty married man, 41, seeks slim, slightly younger lover and best friend. Plymouth, anywhere. Box 8259.

EAST ANGLIAN fiftysomething single wishes to meet fortysomething, attractive woman to share hedonistic tendencies, including Tuscany umbria travel. Box 8359.

TALL, slim, attractive, intelligent blonde, female, 39, N/S, looking for unattached, London based, erudite, humorous, very successful, sensuous male to spoil her and share romantic dinners, opera, theatre, tennis, etc. Photo and letter guarantees reply. Box 8459.

ON OFFER, Michael, 33, Midlands based engineer, slim, attractive, non-smoker, solvent, own house and car, interests include skiing, theatre, cinema. Available now — interested? Box 8559.

OLD, potbellied, shortish, plain-looking, wornheeled, financially downmarket widower, literally craves to be rejoined in some kind of wedlock. Box 8659.

MAN, 43, loves Bomberg, salads, sun, Vanya, kissing, paint; hates smoke, confinement, Thazza — seeks lively London woman. Box 7559.

AFFLUENT, eccentric, attractive, humorous, 35, seeks adventurous lady for happy Sundays. Photograph please. Box 8059.

EXTROVERT brunette, slim, 5'6", needs rescuing from boredom, needs good old fashioned fun! Box 8759.

ARTICULATE, warm, sociable, attractive, 30 year old professional, seeks stylish, tall, sensitive, considerate man with zest for life and sense of fun for possible long-term relationship. Box 8959.

EAST MIDLANDS professional lady, early 50s, divorced. Busy high-powered career, many social acquaintances, needs good male friend basically fed-up with making every decision. Who says life begins at 40? Photo, phone number and long letter please. Box 9059.

CARING, divorced, attractive so told, Sussex male, 40s and in the city. Bloody but unbowed, seeks intelligent, attractive, 30/40 year old woman with personality and warmth. My loves are life, the sea, conversation, books, children and fun. Rescue required from cynicism. Photo appreciated. All letters answered. Box 9159.

STUNNING BLONDE, 34, seeks unattached man with old money and style. Box 9259.

JAMES BOND, mature, 28, seeks friendship with beautiful, intelligent, tall, slim, classy lady. Photo. Box 9359.

MALE AUTHOR, 36, Oxford-Cotswolds, seeks witty, warm female (journalist, doctor, musician?) 28 plus, for theatre, cinema, walks etc. Box 9459.

BLUE EYED, affectionate, tom cat, 168, N. West, own basket. Seeks luscious she tabby for moonlight mousing. Catsnap if possible. Box 9559.

BODY OF a beautiful queen — mind of a genius. Birmingham PhD student, needs a bonking bunny to relieve mental frustration. Box 9659.

SINGLE MOTHER (35) professional, independent, seeks similar, attractive, N/S man, Yorkshire. Photo please. Box 9759.

TYPICAL Sagittarian male, 23, 5'8", good looking, seeks female, 20-27, for love and laughter in London. Photo please. Box 9859.

FREE, semi-retired, unattached, 43 male with time and money seeks petite, smiling, emotionally and financially solvent lady, 30-40, to develop interesting lifestyle home and abroad. Phone no. to arrange lunch. South West. Box 9959.

CRAZY FEMALE sought by unattached, professional male, (40), slim, fit, presently undergoing 2nd childhood. Interests, backpacking, cycling, partying, rock concerts, Harleys. Interesting offers from uninhibited, youngish and attractive girl, any nationality. Can accommodate, perhaps student or fleeing wife. Midlands/anywhere. Box 10059.

Eye Love in the Gulf

SANDY, sloane officers seek steamy sagas from desirable dune dollies. Result: sex, drugs and rock and roll on return to Blighty. Box 10659.

SIMPLE subaltern stranded in sandy Saudi needs wondrous wicked, whisky-drinking wench. Poor reader — send tape and photo. Box 10159.

HOT, thrusting young officers, stranded in the sun, seek cool ladies for dangerous liaisons. Box 10259.

SOBER, healthy cavalry officer; not chuffed. Wine, women, song; not have. Please fill the gap in my life. Looks not important. Photograph essential. Box 10359.

DESERT RATS, two forgotten highland officers serving in the Gulf, require amusing and titillating correspondence from gorgeous gals, photographs appreciated. Dinner in London to follow on victorious return. Box 10459.

RAF OFFICERS (3) suffering from 6 months enforced celibacy in Gulf require urgent rumpy pumpy with gorgeous females upon imminent return to UK. Midlands/London. Recent photo please. Box 10559.

ARABIAN KNIGHT. Unattached grad army officer, 27, in Gulf, seeks female curiosity from a passion bundle, 20-35. No camels or Iraqis. Photos will be reciprocated. Box 1158.

DESERT NAVIGATOR getting bored in the Gulf. Young Army Officer requires correspondence to keep his moral up with a view to meeting on return to the UK. Box 5657.

DESERT RAT Cavalry officer dreams of blonde in tweed. Locket sized portrait preferred. Box 5757.

I AM A lieutenant in the Royal Army Medical Corps currently serving our country in Saudi Arabia. I am 32 years of age, single, fun loving and extensively experienced in all fields of military life, but now I'm looking forward to broadening my horizons with the female gender, casual or permanent. I'm fair haired, well off and well endowed but have no time to look for a partner. I am an Ex-Etonian to boot. Box 5857.

DASHING YOUNG British medics, marooned on Operation Granby seek vivacious females for six months of celibate correspondence. Must be prepared for vigorous un-celibate activity on our return. Sand paper supplied. Photo demanded. Box 7754.

5 RAKISH army officers in the Gulf need amusing letters from girls who are beautiful, amusing, adventurous and just good fun. We'll wine you and dine you and...after Kuwait is free. Photos too please! Box 5557.

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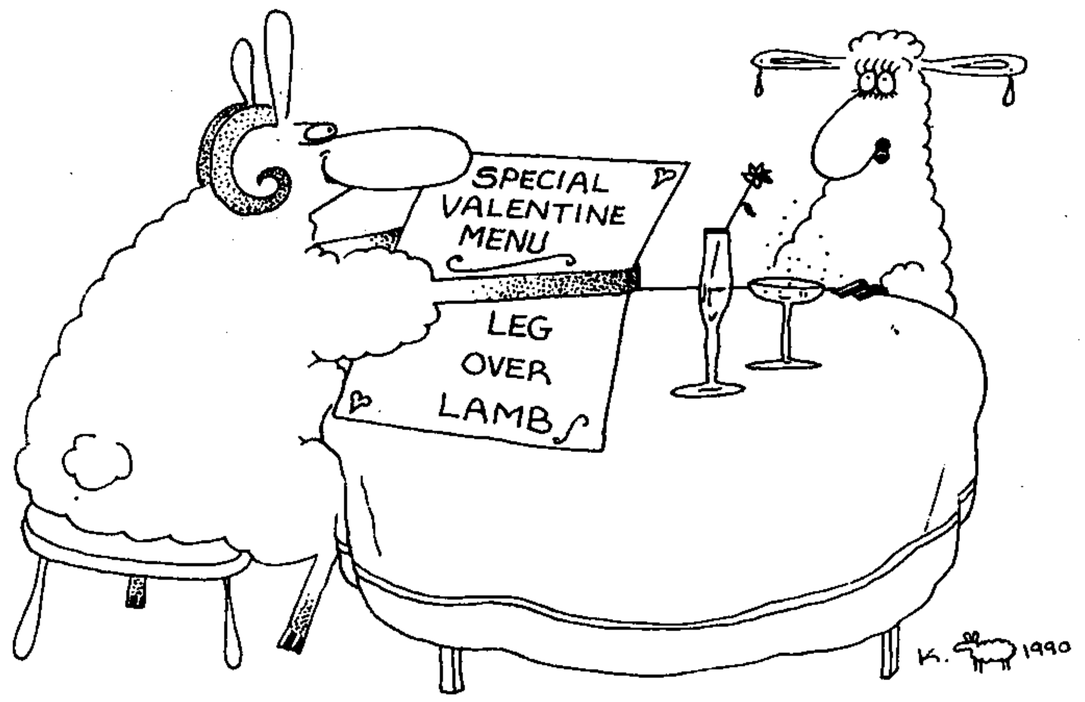

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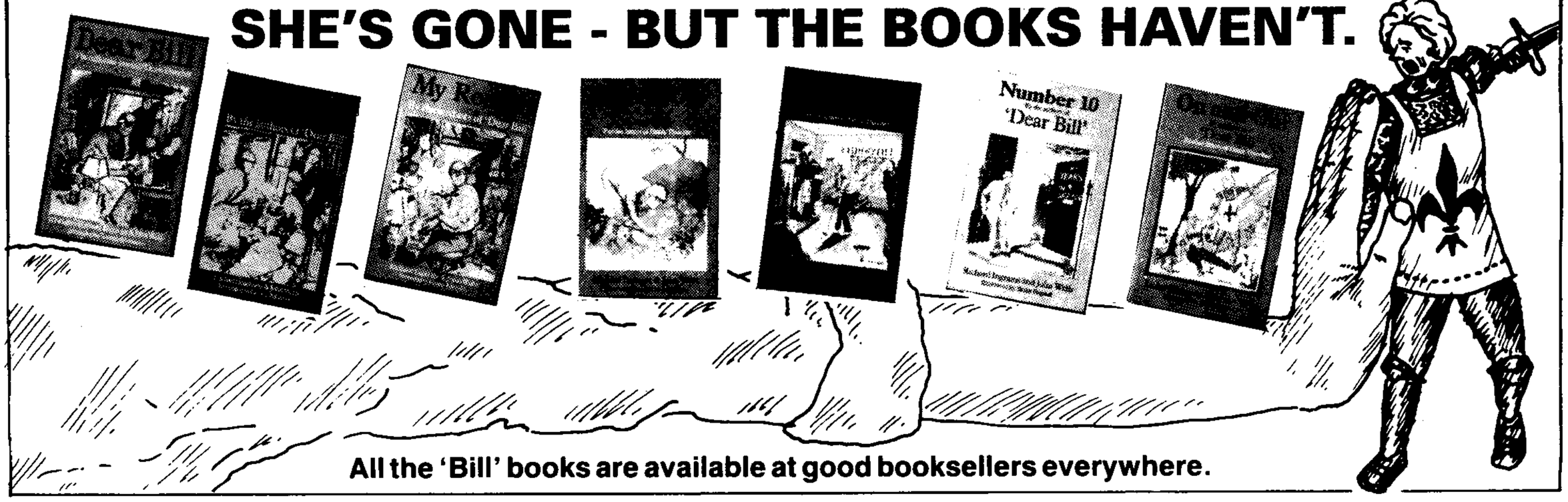

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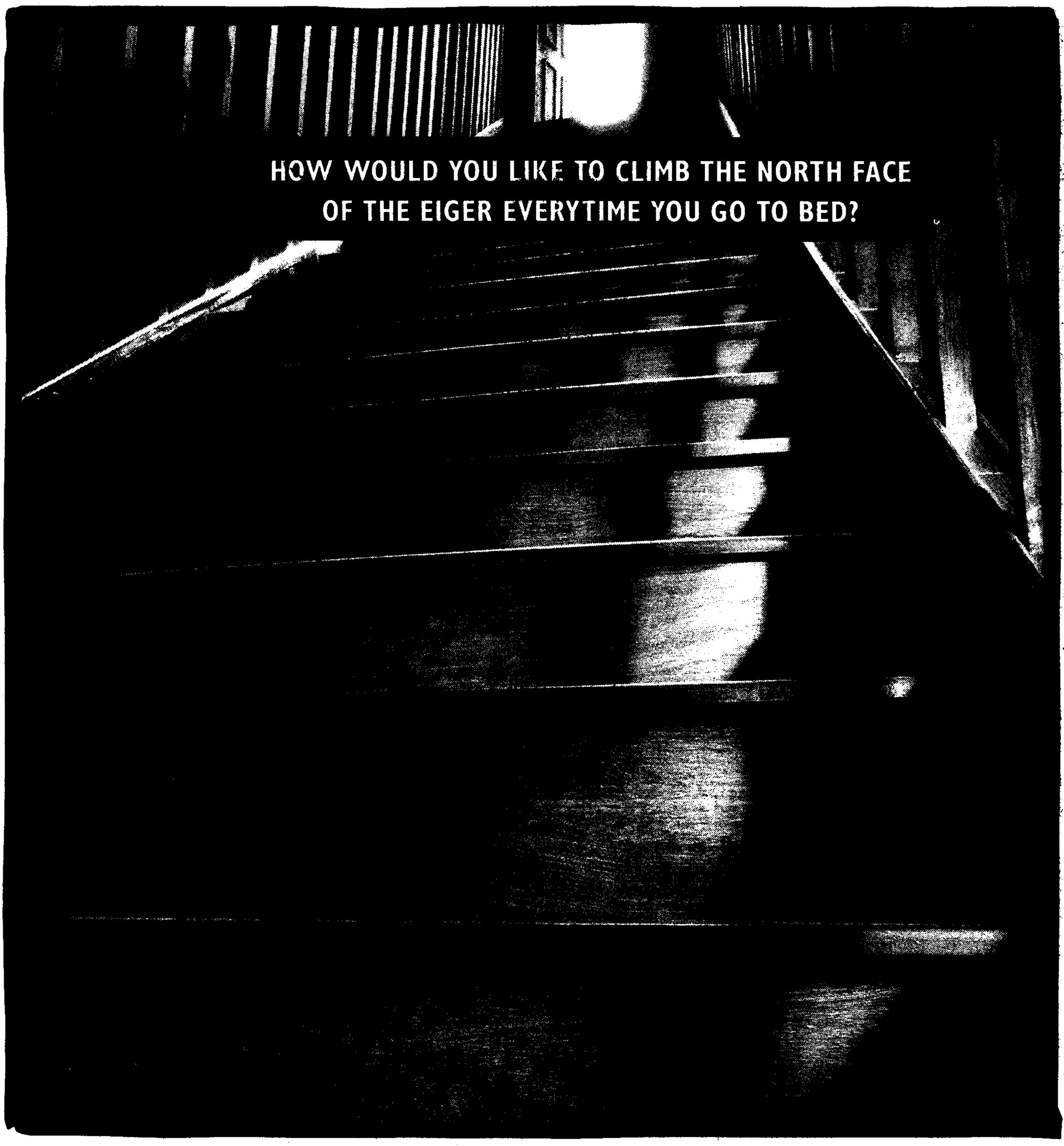

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